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The Unseen Friend.

"is too long for me. I cannot bear
weary days and hours.
But if I share
Thy weary vigil, wilt thou still despair?

My burden weighs me down. I am not free
To haste with eager steps.
Yet I will be
Thy help and strength. Divide thy load with me.

The path is strange and rugged, and the night
Falls black along the sky.
I will be sight
For thee, faint soul, and guide thy feet aright.

Nay, but fair homelights on the valley gleam,
And voices call.
What doth earth's splendor seem—
Better, more lasting than the glow-worm's beam?

And is there, then, for me, no home nor love—
Naught but those barren wastes?
So thou shalt prove
The bliss God giveth to his own above.

Thou, who art thou, that by me toilest on,
Unthanked, unasked?
Friend, when thou lookest upon
My face, thy place in heaven will be won!

—*Mary Ainge De Vere*

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

A vigorous pull at the front door-bell started Mr. Wells as, with his feet comfortably poised on his desk, chair tipped back, and the fumes of an odorous Havana pervading the apartment, he indulged in his usual after dinner smoke. Mr. Frederick Wells was a confirmed bachelor, and notwithstanding the many solicitations of his fair friends, whose charms had failed to melt his obdurate heart, still persisted in eschewing society, and living with his sister almost the life of a recluse. But Mr. Wells had not always been so exclusive; only a few years before he had met and loved Lucy Shelton, the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthy citizens. This young lady, though refusing to be his wife acknowledged her heart to be his, but she had promised her father to marry his partner, Joseph Parker, and circumstances over which she had no control compelled her to keep her word and marry his rival—her father's choice. In vain he pictured to her the wrong she would do him, herself, and her husband; nothing could turn her from her course. Not wishing to witness Parker's triumph, Mr. Wells resolved to leave Chicago. Accordingly he, with his only sister, removed to the East, where they occupied an elegant house in one of New England's flourishing cities. In their peaceful Eastern home rumors had reached them of the failure of the house of Shelton & Parker. Later the sad story of young Parker's downfall reached their sympathetic ears—how, by becoming a victim of the demon, intemperance, he had reduced his fair young wife to the necessity of giving music lessons in order to keep starvation from her door. Mr. Wells, by thinking of Lucy as the wife of another and a woman false to her heart's best impulses, sought to banish her forever from his mind, and while he pitied the unfortunate Lucy, he still thought that she, in a measure, deserved her sad fate. With these bitter feelings would come a wish to stretch out a helping hand to this woman, who, by scorning his love, had consigned him to a hopeless, hapless existence.

On the afternoon our story opens he was musing upon a means of aiding Mrs. Parker—for he knew her proud spirit would refuse any pecuniary assistance from him—when the sound of an unusually loud ring of the door-bell aroused him from his reverie, and instantaneously brought his feet and chair to their proper position. "Whew!" he exclaimed, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, "something unusual is wanted to warrant such impatience." Just then the door of his study opened, and his sister called him to come and see what had been left at their door. Hastily following her into the hall, he beheld, to his surprise, in the arms of a servant—who explained that she had found "the little thing" lying on the door step when she opened the door—an infant some seven or eight months old, wrapped in a huge shawl, and calmly gazing with bright blue eyes at the astonished group. Taking the child in his arms, Mr. Wells proceeded to remove the shawl and found pinned to the dress a card bearing the name Lucy, and gathering the little form to his breast, great tears welled up into his eyes as he bent his head over the tiny baby face and murmured: "Those eyes! that name! Surely, this is Lucy's child." Then, as if ashamed of his emotion, he handed the child to his sister, telling her in a gruff voice to see to its wants, vanished into his sanctum, slamming the door with a bang that plainly told her he did not wish to be interrupted; and here, free from mortal gaze, gave vent to his pent-up feelings; and while sobs shook his manly frame, the question, can this be Lucy's child? constantly recurred to him. He had not even heard that she had a child; besides, he knew she was in Chicago very recently, in a state of abject poverty. But, notwithstanding these contrarieties, the resemblance he fancied existed between this little waif and Mrs. Parker, only served to confirm him in the idea that this was indeed her child; then again he would ask himself—How came it to that city? to his door? None of his friends in Chicago knew of his whereabouts, and how was it possible for Mrs. Parker thus to leave her child to the mercy of a man she had so cruelly wronged? At length, not finding a satisfactory answer to his queries, he resolved to keep this little foundling, to bring it up as his own, cherish it as a boon from heaven sent to cheer his lonely life and bring sunshine in to his heart and home.

"Well! Ellen, how do you and the little stranger agree?" playfully inquired Mr. Wells, as he met his sister at the tea-table that evening.

"Her ladyship and myself are on wonderfully good terms, considering our limited acquaintance," laughingly rejoined his sister. "Come and see her new quarters, but, as she is asleep, you must make as little noise as possible!"

"Oh! ho! the little tyrant has issued her decrees thus early in her reign," gayly retorted Mr. Wells; "but she'll not find an obedient subject in me;" and with stealthy steps he followed Ellen into the next room, where, lying upon an impromptu couch, improvised with an arm-chair and pillows, was the form of the sleeping child. As Mr. Wells stood gazing at the infantile face, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, while a bright smile lit up the baby features and rendered more striking the memory of another pair of eyes that had looked into his, another smile that had once shed its rays over his pathway.

Ellen was delighted at the prospect of caring for this little one, whose coming she felt would dispell her brother's gloom and bring joy to them both.

That evening, on returning home at a late hour, Mr. Wells perceived a prostrate figure lying directly in front of his door.

"Hello! Who is this? You will freeze to death in this blinding storm," he exclaimed. But the figure remained motionless, and, approaching, Mr. Wells proceeded to uncover the face. As the gleam of the street-lamp fell upon the upturned countenance of a young, and once beautiful, woman he staggered back, muttering: "Oh, my God! Has it indeed come to this? My poor, poor, Lucy!" and raising the frail form in his strong arms he carried her into the house, calling to his sister, who was sitting up waiting his return, to send for a physician and bring restoratives, as he had just found Lucy Shelton, dead, or nearly so, at their door.

Ellen, who had known and loved Lucy during her happier days in Chicago, assuring herself that she had only fainted, immediately set about bringing back to life the inanimate form. At length her efforts were rewarded; the color came slowly back to the pallid cheek, the beautiful eyelids quivered and revealed a pair of blue eyes that wandered in a restless, searching glance, from face to face, as if looking for some beloved object. In tones of piteous agony she wailed: "Oh! my baby! my lost darling!" Then, as if speaking to some unknown person, she would clasp her poor little hands and implore the restoration of her child.

The doctor declared hers to be a most precarious case of brain fever, and that her recovery would be almost a miracle, as some great mental sorrow was aiding the ravages of this terrible disease.

For many weeks Lucy's life tottered on the verge of eternity. Mr. Wells and his sister were untiring in their care and watchfulness, making every effort in their power to save the life of the hapless mother of their little foundling, for as such both had grown to consider her.

During her ravings she reproached her faithless husband with having robbed her of her only source of happiness—her child, and besought him, in plaintive tones, to bring back her baby, to tell her where he had hidden their child. On one occasion she pleaded so piteously that she be restored to her arms, that Ellen, moved by her entreaties, brought the child and laid it at her side; but instead of assuaging the mother's sorrow, this only increased her agony, as, turning away from her little one, she accused them of trying to deceive her. "My husband has stolen my child," she cried. "Oh! what shall I do without my darling?"

One day, after Mrs. Parker had been ill for about six weeks, Ellen entered her room to see after her patient's wants. On approaching the bedside a thin, little hand clasped hers, and a trembling voice inquired:

"Have I been ill long? Oh, Ellen! why did you call me back to a life of misery and sorrow?"

"Hush; you must not talk now. When you are stronger all will be explained," answered the delighted Ellen, and kissing her pallid cheek, and recommending her to rest, she fled to her brother with the welcome tidings of Mrs. Parker's recovery.

On reaching Mr. Wells' study, she found him in a state of intense excitement, caused by something he had read in the newspaper which he convulsively clutched with one hand, while with the other he pointed to a paragraph that read:

"Last night during a quarrel in one of the drinking dens in this city, a young man named Joseph Parker was shot through the heart by an unknown assassin. As Parker is a stranger in the city, his body will be in the morgue until to-morrow, in case some of his friends might wish to claim it."

"A terrible end to an ill-spent life," was Ellen's verdict, as, glancing over the article, she realized how just are the punishments of an all-wise God. "Lucy has regained her reason," she told her brother, "and is sensible of her child's loss. We must conceal it safely and the death of her husband from her until she is sufficiently strong to bear this double shock."

"You are right; my dear sister," rejoined Mr. Wells: "but in the meantime I will have the unfortunate Parker decently interred."

Accordingly he proceeded to the morgue, and there recognized in the bloated, scarred face the features of a once brilliant man and the husband of the unhappy Lucy. By Mr. Wells' orders the remains were conveyed to the nearest churchyard, and a plain marble slab erected, to mark the resting-place of him who had been the cause of his unhappiness and of Lucy's misery.

Under Ellen Wells' skillful nursing, Mrs. Parker's return to health was rapid. Day by day she gained new strength, till at length the doctor pronounced her strong enough to hear the tidings of her child's safety. As yet Mr. Wells had not seen her, and only on one occasion had she mentioned her preserver's name. This was, when speaking of her past wretched existence, she blamed herself for having not only blighted her own life, but for being the cause of his misery. She told Ellen that her father had extorted a promise from her to marry Parker by avowing himself on the verge of bankruptcy, from which this marriage alone would save him. Accordingly she sacrificed her heart's dearest love in order to save her father's honor. Matters got worse, instead of better, after this ill-fated marriage. Parker spent his time and money at the gaming table, and, finally, not content with squandering his own money, spent that of the firm also. A crisis was inevitable, and when at last the house was declared bankrupt everything was sacrificed to satisfy the creditors. Even her father was not spared her; for, when he realized the extent of misery in store for himself and his cherished child, he took his own life. But her trials did not end here. Her husband fell from one degradation to another, till at last, from neglecting his young wife, he grew to abuse her. With the aid of a few friends she obtained several music scholars, and with the money thus earned kept starvation from her door. When at length her patrons refused to aid one whose drunken husband was ever in attendance, she resolved to fly with her child, an infant of seven months, from the scene of her many sorrows, to the East, where she hoped to get employment—but here she was followed and tortured by her tyrant husband's presence. Life became almost unbearable, and but for her child, whom she devotedly loved, she would have ended her own existence. Jealous of the attention she lavished upon her babe, the inhuman father threatened to take it from her. Not dreaming him capable of so diabolical an act, she did not fear the fulfillment of this threat, and on the afternoon of the day they found her at their door, she left her darling under his care, while she went forth in search of employment. On her return after a fruitless afternoon's labor, she found their lodgings deserted, and not a trace of the whereabouts of her child to be seen. Realizing that her husband had kept his threat, she rushed, frantic with grief, about the streets in hopes of finding some clew to the little one's retreat.

At length, tired of wandering about, she sat down upon a door-step to rest. Here she remembered nothing further; and "Oh! Ellen," the invalid continued, "to think that I should have come to you, to be nursed by you back to life—you who would be justified in turning me from your door, because of the blight I have cast upon your noble brother's life. But God knows how bitterly I have been punished for my folly."

Tears filled Mrs. Parker's eyes, as she concluded her sorrowful story, and trinkled down her pale cheeks. Ellen, kissing the tears away, vainly tried to cheer her by picturing a brighter future, the possibility of again finding her missing child. She declared she would never be happy while her tyrant husband lived.

Ellen, embracing this opportunity, disclosed the details of Parker's death and burial to his heart-broken wife, who listened with bated breath and long-drawn sighs till she had finished the sad recital; then throwing her arms about Ellen's neck she sobbed out her grief on her shoulder.

The latter endeavored to soothe her sorrows, but Lucy was inconsolable, not so much at the loss of her miserable husband as at the realization of her own destitute condition—deprived of father, husband and child. "My poor baby," she wailed, "if I only had you I could bear all else."

"Then bear with your trials, dear Lucy; your child is safe and well," Ellen said, and proceeded to tell the weeping mother how her child had been found at a gentleman's door; how it had been taken in and tenderly cared for until she should be sufficiently recovered to receive it back; that this same gentleman was at that moment waiting to restore it to her arms, and, recommending her to quiet and rest, Ellen left the room to prepare her brother for the meeting.

Lucy had covered her face with her hands and promised to comply; but finding herself alone she threw herself on her knees, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven, in fervent tones she thanked the Father of the widow and the orphan for having spared her to her fatherless little one. "Oh, God!" she concluded, "bless and prosper him who, in his charity, has succored my lost lamb in its hour of direst need." Rising, she stood face to face with Frederick Wells.

For an instant her tongue refused to articulate a word, but as her eyes fell upon her lost darling, whom he carried in his arms, she utterd a glad cry, and snatching the child to her bosom, the fond mother almost smothered the frightened little one with caresses.

Mr. Wells, standing a silent witness of this reunion, felt amply repaid for his long years of pain, and he thought how much more blessed it is to give joy than sorrow.

When Mrs. Parker raised her eyes, streaming with tears of joy, to his face, and said: "Mr. Wells, how shall I ever pay this great debt of gratitude, for not only do I owe my own life to your kindness, but also that of this child, infinitely more precious to me?" he answered: "By giving me the right to watch over and protect you both, I will be made immeasurably happy;" and drawing mother and child to his breast he kissed Lucy's tear-stained face.

Of course she consented, for a few months later a quiet wedding took place from the Wells' residence, when, after all her sorrows, Lucy Parker became the wife of her heart's first love.

Injecting Morphine.

A number of persons more or less prominent in different walks of life have died in this city, says a New York paper, within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine. Most of them had, according to report, begun the injections in order to relieve themselves from pain caused by neuralgia, rheumatism, or some other distressing disorder. The effect was so pleasant, so delicious, indeed, that they were gradually seduced into such use of morphine when they had no need of it, and, soon yielding completely to the habit, were destroyed by it. Physicians say that this has grown to be far from uncommon among persons of wealth and position, particularly among women, who, after having tried it a while, have not had the strength to relinquish the delightful anodyne. Nor is it by any means confined to New York. The evil has spread all over the land, though it is naturally most prevalent in the large cities. It is said to have grown alarmingly during the last five or six years, and many persons who would never be suspected of the habit are its irredeemable victims. It has largely usurped the place, with certain classes, of the old custom of taking morphine, laudanum, and other preparations of opium into the stomach. The popular notion is that it is not so harmful. But there is very little difference, and the injections are thought to be more dangerous because they are more insidious. They can be self-administered without the least trouble, and are so administered in nearly all cases where serious mischief is done. The effect of the morphine under the skin is described as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious languor steals over the frame, the senses are wrapped as in a voluptuous waking dream, and a most joyous consciousness of perfect yet fascinating repose softly overflows the mind. Even strong men and women have frequently found it hard to resist its allurements, have not been able to surrender its beatitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstances, fearing the consequences to their patients. Not a few women of the finer type have been wrecked by the habit, and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence. It was hailed as a great blessing once, and so it is, properly regulated; but, like so many blessings, it may readily be converted into a curse.

Words of Wisdom.

He who is never guilty of folly is not so wise as he imagines.

Prosperity unmasks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.

An indiscreet man is like an unsealed letter—every one can read it.

Some persons mistake noise for argument.

They that govern most make least noise.

He that too much fears hatred is unfit to rule.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third, good humor, and the fourth wit.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and sham that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.

The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at and admire.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effects when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Spring and Summer Goods.

The first importations of spring goods are not the light woolen fabrics that will be worn in the earliest spring days, but rather the wash goods that are made into house and street dresses to be worn in the warmest weather. Two features are noticed in the new fabrics—first, that figured goods in artistic and, indeed, decorative designs are most used, and are usually accompanied by a plain fabric for combining with them; and secondly, the absence of all dressing in the fine cottons, which should give laundresses to understand that all starch must be omitted when doing them up.

The cotton satteens are first shown and rank highest in price of these new fabrics, as they are marked fifty cents a yard. These have closely-twilled surfaces with a luster like satin; the grounds are dark, either plum, brown, blue or the deepest garnet, and these are strewn with rather large figures of some graceful flower, such as fleur-de-lis, fuchsias or lilies, with pale-green foliage; to go with this figured fabric, which now makes the over-dress, or at least the jacket waist, is plain satteen of the color of the ground. The batistes show great improvement over those of previous seasons; they are as soft as mull-muslin, and almost as transparent, yet they are beautifully marked with Japanese designs and quaint coloring on the palest cream, lavender, and pink grounds. They are usually supplied with a wide border of larger figures than those in the body of the fabric, and this border may be stitched on plainly for trimming down box plaits and around the foot of the skirts, basque and sleeves, or else it may edge wide flounces, or of itself form narrow ruffles for trimming the whole dress. Carnation pinks, chrysanthemums, dwarfed peonies, and other flowers dear to the Japanese are repeated in their intense colors on the most delicate grounds of these sheer soft batistes; the price is forty cents a yard; the border is near one selvedge only instead of on both sides, like those of last year.

Scotch ginghams have come to be staple goods for summer dresses, as experience has shown that they are far better for washing and wearing than any other ginghams, either French or American, and are worth the difference in the price. They are now sold for forty cents a yard in exquisitely fine qualities, and colors that are warranted not to fade by washing, though some of the dark shades are changed by perspiration. The newest patterns in these have wide stripes made up of many smaller stripes, and also large plaids, or else perfectly plain colors. The favorite combination of colors seems to be pink with blue, and there are three times as many blue and white ginghams as of any other color; besides these are stripes in new contrasts of color, such as olive, red, black, and buff linen forming an inch-wide stripe beside a pale blue stripe two inches broad, shading off into white; another pattern has a series of alternating pink and pale blue and a broad white line; a third is made up of dark red, blue and orange-yellow. These colors are also shown in the large plaids which are to take the place of the handkerchief dresses of last year. Though made in Scotland, these are altogether what merchants call fancy plaids, the clan tartans having disappeared for the present. The solid-colored Scotch zephyr ginghams, especially in pink and blue—the latter either dark or light—will make charming summer dresses, trimmed with the white cotton embroideries that are imported in larger quantities than at any previous season. The furnishing houses are already making these dresses with a short skirt and very simple overskirt, accompanied by the belted shooting-jacket, with wide box-plaits in front and back, or else with a yoke and full basque, either shirred at the waist in front and behind, with the belt on the sides only, or it may be with the belt passing all around the waist; the wide round collar, like those worn by children, is edged with embroidery, or may be made entirely of the French machine embroidery on cambric that is now imported in half and three-quarter-yard widths; there are also square cuffs of this embroidery worn outside the sleeves.

Old China patterns are shown in percales, especially in the blue and white patterns of old Nankin. The merchants have shown their faith in these colors and designs by importing them in great quantities; these goods are said to wash well, especially in these clear blue shades. Plain grounds with a border in contrasting color are also liked in this soft-finished percale, and dark grounds promise to be particularly useful, such as dark solid green with pale blue arabesques for the border, seal brown with French gray border, or dark blue or garnet with gray or cream-color for the trimming. These are thirty cents a yard.

The new patterns of Valenciennes lace with plain meshes and heavily wrought points are imported for trimming batiste and lawn dresses. There are also new Hamburg embroideries that copy the designs of the braid trimmings that ladies have been crocheting of late for cotton dresses.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Married After a Ducking.

Opposite Maysville, Ky., is a little Ohio village where marriages are executed with such extraordinary neatness and dispatch that the place is called the Gretna Green of America. The other afternoon a couple might have been seen making their way into Maysville from the wilds of Lewis county. Annie F. Stamper, aged sixteen, a very pretty blonde, was the lady, and Leander P. Scraggs, aged eighteen, six feet three in his slippers, was the gentleman. They had eloped; they were pursued by Mr. Stamper, and they had ridden all day to get to the river. Now the river was filled with ice, and to cross to Gretna Green seemed impossible. Two hardy boatmen, however, volunteered to row them to the haven of matrimonial bliss, and just as the boat was midway in the river the elder Stamper appeared upon the shore and shouted to his daughter to come back. The irrepressible Scraggs determined to be chivalric and salute Mr. Stamper. Standing up in the skiff to do it, he gave one wave of his hat and away he went overboard. Mr. Stamper pointed out Scraggs' legs and roared and screamed with laughter at his dilemma. The crowd that had been cheering the lovers now laughed at them, too. Scraggs was fished out with a boat-hook, and, with chattering teeth and trembling knees, and very muddy clothes, started off with Miss Stamper for the nearest local minister, who made the twain one flesh before old Stamper recovered from the fit of laughter into which Scraggs' dilemma had plunged him.

Mr. Meehan, botanist of the Pennsylvania board of agriculture, states that trees grow much faster in America than in Europe. The oak in England has been known to live a thousand years, but after two hundred years in this country a tree of that species is fit for nothing but to cut down for firewood. The decay is as rapid as the growth.

A GOOD YEAR FOR LOCUSTS.

Professor Riley Predicts that the Locusts will Swoop Down Upon the Country Next Summer—Interesting Facts About These Insects.

This is to be a good year for the locusts. In the Southern States they will be particularly abundant, and it is more than probable that the woods in Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia will resound with their rattling song. This will be unwelcome news to the farmers and florists, who know, from sad experience, the destructive character of these insects. It will be remembered that in the summer of 1868 the locusts were particularly abundant in this locality. There was hardly a foot of ground in the woods and fields which was not completely perforated with the holes out of which the insects had come. They were everywhere and ate up everything, causing an amount of damage which is still fresh in the minds of agriculturists. They will not appear this season in such great quantities, but in the year 1885 this vicinity will be again afflicted by an abundant visitation.

"There are two broods of the locust," said Professor Riley, of the agricultural department, to the *Post* reporter, who called upon him for information; "one appears every thirteen years, and the other every seventeen years. By a coincidence both broods are to appear together this year, but not in the same places."

"In what localities?"

"The seventeen-year locusts will be particularly plentiful in Marquette and Green Lake counties in Wisconsin, and may also appear in the western part of North Carolina, in Northeast Ohio, and a few in Lancaster county, Pa., and Westchester county, New York. They will also be abundant in the neighborhood of Wheeling, and will probably extend down into Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia. Of this, however, I am not quite sure. The thirteen-year brood will, in all probability, appear in Southern Illinois, throughout Missouri, with the exception of Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and North and South Carolina."

"What is the difference between the two broods?"

"Do you mean in appearance? Very little, and one is very apt to confound them."

"Are the locusts to be depended upon as recurring in regular periods?"

"Yes, sir. Observations extending for more than 200 years prove that they never fail. The earliest appearance of the periodical cicada, or locust, so far as we have any record, occurred at Plymouth, Mass., in the year 1634. Each seventeen years they have appeared again without fail. The naturalist calculates as confidently on the future appearance of the locust in a given month in a given year, for all time to come, as the astronomer does an eclipse or a transit on some particular day; and he may go back in time when none but savage men dwelt on this continent, and feel confident that the woods of New Jersey rattled with the hoarse cry of this insect in the month of June, seven years after the birth of Christ, just as they did in June 1877."

"Where does the locust reside, so to speak, during his absence from the face of the earth?"

"He is then under the earth, in the shape of a worm, living on the sap of young rootlets. In following these they penetrate very deep into the ground, sometimes going as far down as ten or twelve feet. The season for their appearance and disappearance differs somewhat with the latitude, though not so materially as one might suppose. They appear a little earlier in the South than in the North, but the last half of May can be set down as the period during which they emerge from the ground, in many parts of the country, which they generally leave by the fourth of July. As is the case with a great many other insects, the males make their appearance several days before the female, and also disappear sooner. Hence, in the latter part of the cicada season, though the woods are still full of females, the song of but very few males will be heard."

"Do not the females sing?"

"No, the musical organs are possessed only by the males. This fact was embodied in an ancient rhyme,

'Happy the cicada's lives,
For they all have voiceless wives.'"

"How is the music produced?"

"The rattling noise is produced by a system of muscles in the lower part of the body, which work on the drums under the wings by alternately tightening and loosening them. The general noise on approaching infested woods is a compromise between that of a distant threshing machine and a distant frog pond. That which they make when disturbed mimics a nest of young snakes or young birds under similiar circumstances—a sort of scream. They can also produce a chirp somewhat like that of a cricket, and a very loud shrill screech, prolonged for fifteen or twenty seconds and gradually increasing in force and then decreasing."

"Is it true that the locust stings?"

"There is a widespread fear of the locust sting," answered the professor; "every time there is an abundance of locusts you hear of people being stung, and newspaper accounts of such accidents are by no means infrequent. I have known people who denied themselves the pleasure of eating blackberries and other fruits, because they feared these fruits had been poisoned by the eggs of cicadas; while others believe that they poison water. So far as I can find, all these reports are false or greatly exaggerated, and the great majority of them are pure imagination."

"Are they not capable of doing an immense amount of damage?"

"Yes, sir. They have destroyed whole apple orchards and vineyards. The worst of it is that there is no way to get rid of them when they make their appearance in large numbers and have attained full size and powers of flight. The only possible method is to allow poultry and hogs to devour them just after they come up out of the ground and are in a helpless condition."

"There is a good deal of superstition," remarked the reporter, "about the W on their wings."

"I have noticed that," Professor Riley answered, "some ignorant persons are silly enough to believe that it portends war. It occurs alike, though not to such a marked degree, on all other cicadas, and it people must have an omen let them take the two W's for warm weather, and it will not be likely to disappoint them."—*Washington Post.*

Terrors of the Snow-Slide.

To those who have never witnessed a snow-slide, says the Salt Lake *Tribune*, the term has no terror, while those who have seen an avalanche in the Wasatch shudder at the very thought of it. The mountains in the vicinity of the Cottonwoods are steep and bare. It is said an Indian will not venture up Little Cottonwood canon. When questioned as to the cause of this strange fear of that particular canon, they shake their heads and say: "No good." Perhaps in former years, while hunting in the mountains, a slide sent a number of them to he happy hunting grounds.

Russian Exiles.

On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the ispravnik, a police officer who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the government requires of him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations, or friends? Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field labor. He is told he is free, but at the same time he is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive, shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the ispravnik's personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings and feverishly demand news from home. The new-comer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the government for their maintenance and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note-book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly-mended boots or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the public ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should the ispravnik feel out of sorts—the effect of cards or drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and, as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in those dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent regularly to the governor of the province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the third section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens. Their history, when the time comes for it to be published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering, and administered evils and shortcomings not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European state.—*London Standard.*

At the Water Office.

He stalked in early yesterday morning. One could see that he had something on his mind and that he intended to have justice if it broke his neck. Walking up to one of the windows in the long railing he boldly demanded:

"I want to know of some of you folks in here if the river dried up last night?"

It was a long time before any one replied. Then one of the clerks said that while it was barely possible that such an event had taken place, he had received no information to that effect.

"Oh, you haven't! Then, perhaps, your old pumping works have been blown up?"

"May be so; but it seems as if they would have telephoned down?"

"Well, then, if the river didn't dry up and the pumping works are all right, how happened it that I couldn't get any water at nine o'clock last evening?"

"Cold or hot?"

"Cold, of course! Who said anything about hot water?"

"Then you couldn't get any?"

"Didn't I say I couldn't? I pay my water tax, and as a ratepayer, a taxpayer and a citizen I demand my rights. Now, sir, why couldn't I get any water at my house last evening?"

"It wouldn't run, eh?"

"Wouldn't run! Why, blame your ears! Haven't I been telling you that it wouldn't run? Suppose there had been a fire in my house?"

"In what part of your house?" absently queried the clerk.

"In any part, sir, from cellar to garret! Suppose I had wanted a pail of water to drown an incipient conflagration?"

"You couldn't have got it."

"No, I couldn't; and I want to tell you right here and right now that I figure my damages at $100!"

"One hundred," replied the clerk, as he marked the figures in pencil on the desk.

"Yes, sir; and I won't pay my next quarter's tax!"

"Won't pay next quarter's tax," wrote the clerk.

"And you take notice that if this thing happens again this winter I'll make this water board sweat!"

"Perspire," suggested the clerk.

"Well, perspire, then, and don't you forget it."

"No, sir"

"If it wasn't winter I'd sink a well."

"Yes, sir."

"And be independent of this monopoly."

"Yes, sir."

"And I want it understood"—he was going on, when the door opened and in walked a citizen, who began:

"What the dickens ails your old pumping-works?"

And the clerk with the far-away look in his eyes had to leave his ledger and come forward and explain that the pumping-works were all right, the river was all right and the board was all right, and that if the water wouldn't run it was, perhaps, because it had got tired.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Swallows in Louisiana.

In the winter swallows collect by the millions in Louisiana swamps and feed on what the French call swallow trees, a species of willow. They will settle on the trees in such myriads as to break limbs as thick as a man's leg, and a heavy load of mustard seed shot from a double gun will sometimes kill thirty or forty dozen at once. They are dressed and sold in the market for fifteen cents a dozen and are used by French and Creoles in making "jumbles," a preparation of rice and meat, fish or game.

Wanted Him to Resign.

A capital story is told of one of our public men—a man who had for many years held a lucrative office, which many other zealous workers in the political field greatly desired to fill. The office—of judicial character, and requiring considerable capacity in its incumbent—was not only an excellent paying berth, but it was honorable, and had considerable patronage connected with it.

Once upon a time, when the anxious waiters had fully made up their minds that old Hartwell had held the office long enough, one of their number was deputed to wait upon him, and request him to resign. The man found the old judge in his office, with his coat off, and surrounded by papers of all sorts and descriptions. The usual greetings were exchanged, and the visitor opened his business.

Out in the open court an organ-grinder was discoursing a very excellent selection of Strauss' waltzes.

"Want me to resign, do they?" said Hartwell, throwing back his head, and passing his fingers through his plenteous silver locks. "And for what reason, pray?"

"I'll tell you, judge; we think you have been here long enough. You are growing old—altogether too old for the manifold duties and responsibilities of the place."

"Oho! Too old, am I? Now look you: Just you get up here, and spin a waltz with me! Hi! There goes the Blue Danube! Just the thing; come!"

And he seized his visitor by the two arms, lifted him to his feet, and began to whirl him about the room, keeping step himself to the notes of the distant organ.

But the man, breathless and dizzy, broke away and begged off. He didn't know how to dance.

"No? Not dance? Then try the gloves. We must have exercise in some fashion."

And old Hartwell went to a small locker, and brought forth two pairs of boxing gloves, one of which he put on, and offered the other to his visitor. But the man would not take them. He declared he had never boxed in his life.

"Never boxed? Then it is time you had a lesson. And i' faith, I'll give you one. Now! Stand by. Here is the position. One, two, three!"

And he tapped the messenger, first on the forehead; then on the chin; then on the breast; and then, with a blow straight from the shoulder, he knocked him clean across the room, and against the wall.

"Ho! I'll soon teach you the rudiments. Let me now show you the true knock-down blow. It is given in this manner."

But the breathless, bewildered and utterly demoralized visitor did not wait for the finish. He caught his hat and made his escape, and later reported to his associates that Judge Hartwell was not disposed to relinquish his office at present.

A Romance of Real Life.

Grandma Hamilton has lived for five years in the Home for the Friendless in Chicago. A short time ago a lady in sealskins and jewels rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Hamilton.

"You don't mean Grandma Hamilton, do you?" asked the matron.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the lady. "I would like to see her."

When grandma and the rich lady met in the parlor the visitor sobbed out: "Mother, mother! don't you know Louisa?"

"Oh, no," said grandma, peering with her blind eyes and shaking her head. "My daughters, Louisa and Lizzie, are both dead, and you cannot be Louisa."

"But indeed I am; and Lizzie is living, too; and for a year I have been looking for you everywhere, and now I have found you," and while they wept on each other's necks, Mrs. Grant, the superintendent, and Miss Bowman, the matron, withdrew and left them to talk it over. Next day Louisa came again, and grandma, all wrapped in fur-lined robes, went away with her, leaving the little room where she had so long sat rocking and knitting, expecting only to leave it at the summons of death. The explanation is that fifteen years ago Louisa married and went to California. Lizzie remained in Ohio, while their mother, with a snug little competence, came to Chicago. Finally they lost trace of each other. Mrs. Hamilton lost her money and was obliged to take up an abode in the Home of the Friendless. Louisa's husband became rich in California, and when she came back found Lizzie in Ohio or Michigan, and after a long search found her mother in that city.

The Embarrassed Passengers.

You may have been a passenger on a street-car at a time when some one picked a half-dollar off the cushions or a dollar-bill from the straw and anxiously inquired for an owner. At such a time every man instinctively feels in his pockets. Every man feels like saying that he is the lucky party, but an inward voice somehow restrains him, and he remembers that George Washington could not tell a lie. The money is invariably pocketed by the finder, and he is set down in the opinions of his fellow-passengers as contemptible and mean.

On a Woodward avenue car yesterday a young man purposely dropped a greenback on the floor, and at a proper moment he picked it up and observed:

"Who lost this dollar?"

Every one looked at him, and every mouth watered.

"Did any one drop this bill?" continued the young man, as he held up a corner.

There was another embarrassing pause. Then a man reached out for it with the remark:

"I dropped it, sir. You are an honest man to return it."

"Are you sure you dropped it?"

"I am. I am not a liar."

"But—you see—you—" stammered the young man.

"You give me my money or I'll wring your neck!" interrupted the other, as he reached out for his victim.

The young man gave it up. He looked white and red and green, and he felt so bad over it that he soon dropped off the car and took to the icy walk.—*Free Press.*

A Pin in a Child's Tongue for Eleven Years.

Miss Harvey, of Candor, when eleven or twelve years of age, was one evening making hurried preparations to attend a party. She had a pin between her lips, which passed into her mouth, and was supposed to be swallowed. Dr. Miller assumed such to be the fact, but the girl insisted that it was under her tongue. The physician made search for it there, but failed to discover it, and treated her protestations as the work of imagination. Recently Miss Harvey had a large lump come upon one side of her tongue, increasing in painfulness. Dr. L. D. Farnham opened the swelling. The next day, after eleven years of hiding, the pin came out of the opening. It was two-thirds covered with a lime formation and was much corroded.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.*

Unnecessary fires cost this country $10,000 an hour.

My Valentine.

My valentine lives in her deeds,
Nor praises unmerited seeks;
Her poor little mother she heeds,
And kindly her brother bespeaks.

My valentine no cruel thing
Will chatter of other girls' ways,
Or make a new gaiter or ring
Her measure of censure or praise.

My valentine mixes the pies,
And rolls out the crust for her ma;
And such a girl, earth or the skies
Might claim for a flow'r or a star.

HUMOROUS.

A dangerous collision—Running into debt.

A good trade mark—A big advertisement.

Rubbers do not necessarily give a man an elastic gait.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A New York man calls his sweetheart Kitty, because she gets her

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1881.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

—The Legislature will adjourn March 7th, next Monday, the sixty days then being out.

DURHAM COUNTY.—Notwithstanding the proposed new county of Durham was virtually defeated in the Legislature, a motion to recousider prevailed, and was again taken up and passed by 25 to 15. This is said to be, by a member, an extraordinary proceeding.

The Educational Bill.

Last week we published the new School bill as introduced. It has now passed the Senate, substantially in the shape introduced, except that the tax on the $100 valuation of property has been reduced from 20 to 12½ cents. The capitation tax is 37½ cents, and if both these taxes prove insufficient to maintain one or more free schools in each district, for four months in the year, the county board of education is reguired to levy a special tax to meet the deficiency.

—The bill passed by the House of Representatives, authorizing U. S. marshals and deputy marshals to take bail from those for whose arrest they have warrants, is designed to stop the annoying practice in vogue, in the South especially, of arresting a man and taking him a long distance from his home, often one or two hundred miles, so that his recognizance may be taken by the officer issuing the warrant.

The Ides of March.

To-morrow (Friday) at noon, closes the 4 years' term of President Hayes and the second session of the 46th Congress.

The administration of Hayes has been, upon the whole, an improvement on that of Grant, although his civil service reform promises have not come up to our fondest expectations.

It is to be hoped that the incoming administration may still be an improvement on its predecessor; but, judging from the rumored Cabinet appointments of extreme partizans, we have our fears.

By Wednesday's Mail.

From Washington dates of Monday, it appears that committees of conference were appointed in both Houses of Congress on the River and Harbor bills; the Sundry Civil bill passed. No action on the Apportionment bill.

—The severest storm of wind and snow of the season prevailed in Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan on Sunday and Monday last.

—The British have again been defeated in a battle at the Transvaal, South Africa, by the Boers. Gen. Colley and many officers and privates killed.

The main body of the British army was not in the fight.

PROHIBITION.—Latest intelligence from Raleigh is that a bill will probably be passed by the Legislature, upon this subject, submitting the question of "License" or "no License" to the popular vote in August.

Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte *Observer*, under date of Feb. 26, says:

Prohibition was set in motion this morning in the House. Mr. Bernard in his report from the committee, sent with it a bill to be read, providing all sorts of restrictions. Wholesale dealers not less quantity than five gallons, and in malt liquors, to be sold not less than a dozen in bottles and jugs. Retail dealers to sell not less than a quart or more than five gallons, which shall not be drunk at the House, but delivered to the purchaser in bottles, jugs, demijohns, or other vessels, to be removed therefrom. Bar-room license only permits the dealer to sell in quantities less than a quart and not to be taken away from the bar-room, but shall be drunk there. Twelve respectable freeholders shall certify that the man is of good repute for honesty and temperance and he shall give bond with approved security of not more than $500 or $1,000. Specific tax for bar-rooms of 900 population, or less, $50, and where over a thousand $75, and five per cent. additional tax on gross amount of purchase. They must make quarterly returns, and no bowling alley, billiards or sporting allowed at all. They shall sell to no intoxicated person or one whose habit is to get drunk, or to a minor. It fines or imprisons a man drunk on the streets or highway.

Mr. Bowman asked for a second reading of the bill and the ayes and noes, but after much discussion it was made a special order for 1 o'clock next Monday. It allows farmers to distill their fruit, and grow grapes for wine. It is considered a good bill. The drugstore bill—leaving the sale of liquor with the druggists—is before the Senate.

Congress.

This Congress has certainly "dragged its slow length along." Too much politics and fillibustering, is what was the matter.

There is still some important business to be transacted, to avoid an extra session, and only a few days left to finish up the business.

There was a Conference Committee of Democrats and Republicans, 5 of each party, appointed upon the apportionment bill, but up to Monday, failed to agree.

The River and Harbor appropriation bill contains amendments increasing the amounts granted by the House bill as follows: Improving Cape Fear river, from the ocean to Wilmington, N. C., $130,000; Neuse river, $15,000; Pamlico and Tar rivers, $5,000; Trent river, $3,000. The following new amendments, among others, were added: Improving Cape Fear river from Wilmington to Fayetteville, $30,000; Yadkin river, $12,000; Contenia creek, $10,000; Beaufort harbor, N. C., $30,000; Lillington river, N. C., $3,000; Town creek, N. C., $1,000. The increase made by the Senate committee in the total amount of the bill is $335,000.

The funding bill before Congress creates a great deal of dissatisfaction on account of the low rate of interest of the new bonds, fixed at 3 per cent., and at least twenty-four National Banks made deposits of legal tenders for the purpose of retiring circulation. It has also created a panic among business men, and stocks in Wall street New York have been considerably affected.

The Solid South.

The Philadelphia *American* of Feb. 19th, has a number of interesting letters from Southern men. The symposium for the week is devoted entirely to North Carolina, and the coutributors are Senator Vance, Capt. Kitchen, Col. A. M. Waddell, Hon. A. M. Scales and Chief Justice Smith. * * * * *

Representative Scales writes as follows:—*Greensboro Patriot.*

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 1, '81

To the Editor of the American:

SIR—The causes which led to what is termed a solid South are generally so well understood that I have not felt that I could add anything new of interest on the subject. The solid South means no hostility to the North, and certainly no hostility to the government. Self-preservation, I believe, alone inspired it, and that will preserve it. When the South feels that it can be protected in all its rights of property and persons against designing carpet-baggers, who pander to the negro vote to enrich themselves and oppress the white people, this solidity will disappear. A solid black vote was encouraged and formed for a bad purpose. A solid white vote was formed to resist it for self-protection. Intelligence prevailed over ignorance, and accession to the white ranks soon gave them the majority every where. In haste, very truly,

A. M. SCALES.

—It is said that Williamson, the member of the Legislature from Edgecombe county, and the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in that body at present, though opposed to the measure, will vote for prohibition. It is understood, also, that most of the Republican members will follow in his wake, because the present Legislature is largely Democratic, and if the measure is passed at all it will be regarded as a Democratic measure. The Republican members look upon the prohibition question as a kind of Trojan horse to the Democratic party, which they are anxious to see introduced as a Democratic measure.—*Charlotte Observer.*

It is strongly suspected by many that there is a covert understanding among certain Republican politicians to use the temperance or prohibition question as an entering wedge to rive the Democratic party in twain. We do not know that the suspicion is just, but we know that many believe that there is mischief at the bottom of it. Some of the friends of prohibition are afraid that it will be used for political ends. We know it is thought by some that Judge Reade and ex-Gov. Holden are in conspiracy to disintegrate their old enemy by introducing into the issues of the day the question of prohibition. This suspicion may be very unjust to those persons. They are known to be very shrewd politicians, and as one gentleman said in our hearing, "when they band together I suspect some devilment at once."—*Wil. Star.*

A Farewell Reception.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—The farewell reception to the diplomatic corps was given this evening at the White House by President and Mrs. Hayes. It was a grand affair, though the toilets of the ladies were not so extravagant as at the reception last year. The ladies were warned by the crowding at that time, and there was a marked moderation in dress.

Mrs. Hayes was attired in a pearl-colored satin, with square-cut neck and passementerie necklace of beads. The front of the dress was of light brown brocaded satin. She was assisted by Mrs. Chief Justice Waite, Miss Lucy Cook, Mrs. Loring, Miss Deshler and Miss Green, of Columbus, Ohio.

There were only four or five members of the House of Representatives present, though over one hundred had been invited. The rest were locked up in the House at the capitol, unable to get out. As each Congressman is accompanied by from two to four ladies, it can be guessed in a moment that there are from 300 to 500 disappointed society ladies in the city.

As the members of the House came out of the Executive Mansion they were captured by Mr. Hill, the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, placed under arrest and escorted to Congress, the ladies being sent home in carriages.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24.—Senator Matt H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, died at his residence in this city this morning.

In the death of Senator Matt H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, the Senate loses one of its ablest, brightest, best furnished men. He was a superior lawyer and endowed with a vivacious, brilliant intellect. His term would have expired in 1885. Edmunds and Conkling are the only men of his party in the Senate who equalled him in ability and accomplishments.—*Star.*

His life was insured for $50,000.

—This country is doing an immense business in the pension line. Some statemen prophesy that before we get through, the pension question will prove a greater burden than the national debt. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says: "The Pension Appropriation bill, as amended by the Senate and now before the House appropriate $68,282,306.68, being the largest Pension Appropriation bill ever perfected, either by this government or any other, and is more than all the pension appropriations of all the governments on earth combined."

—The Cash murder trial, at Darlington, S. C., has terminated in a mistrial, the jury failing to agree.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Condensed from the Evening Visitor.

In the Senate, Monday, February 12, bill was introduced to provide for election of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, a Judge of the Superior Court, and Solicitor from the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Judicial Districts, at a general election to be held on the first Tuesday in November, 1882. Referred.

Senate bill to incorporate the Eastern North Carolina Insane Asylum, passed its second and third readings.

Senate bill for the better government of the North Carolina Insane Asylum, passed second and third readings.

Senate bill to change the rules with regard to taking depositions, and to amend chapter 7, section 458, Battle's Revisal. Amended by the committee and passed its second and third reading. The bill changes the law with regard to taking depositions when a part of the distance to be travelled in so doing is by rail, changing the number of days allowed under the circumstances. The second part of the bill provides that depositions may be read when the parties are not within seventy-five miles of the place where the case comes on for trial.

A joint resolution in relation to the Agricultural Department and guano works, passed its second and third readings. This bill provides for the manufacture of a fertilizer under the supervision of the Agricultural Department.

House resolution and Senate resolution to amend the resolution providing aid for the Orphan Asylum, ratified March, 1879, appropriating $5,000 instead of $3,000, passed its second and third readings.

House bill, Senate bill, to authorize the employment of convict labor on the highways and on the streets of the towns and cities of this State, passed its second reading—yeas 29, nays none.

House resolution to provide for the erection of a monument to the late Gov. Richard H. Caswell, appropriating $500 to the same, was discussed in favor by Mr. Clarke and passed second and third readings.

In the House, Senate bill to protect clients against fraudulent attorneys by providing that they shall be disrobed for failure to pay over money collected, passed its third reading.

House bill to incorporate the Western Insane Asylum, passed its second and third reading.

Senate bill to authorize the Northwestern North Carolina Railroad to extend its road and build branches, passed without discussion and was ordered to be enrolled.

Senate bill to incorporate the Grand and Subordinate Lodges of the Knights of Honor of North Carolina passed.

House bill to prevent the whipping of convicts in the Penitentiary or on the railroads. A considerable discussion arose, during which the case of the convict Fries, from Forsyth county was brought up, and Mr. Bledsoe, who was an attorney in the case, made a speech on the subject. He thought punishment by whipping was unconstitutional. On motion of Mr. Carter, the bill was referred to the judiciary committee.

In the SENATE, Tuesday, Mr. Staples, (by request), presented a bill to provide for the sale of the State's interest in the Atlantic & North Carolina railroad, the North Carolina railroad, and the Western North Carolina railroad. Ordered to be printed.

House bill and Senate bill, authorizing the employment of convict labor on the public highways and on the streets of cities and towns, passed third reading.

Senate bill in regard to the salary of the Private Secretary of the Governor; substitute offered by the committee appropriating $700 for this purpose, failed to pass.

In the House, bill to prevent bribery at elections by giving intoxicationg liquors while a candidate.

On motion of Mr. Carter, the vote by which the bill authorizing the Northwestern North Carolina Railroad to build branch roads which passed at the evening session of Monday, was reconsidered, and the biil took its place on the calendar.

House bill to restore attorneys' fees in the Supreme Court, passed its third reading.

In the SENATE, Wednesday, bill for the better protection of holders of policies in life insurance companies in the State. Referred.

The second special order was the resolution in relation to Yorktown, appropriating $3,000, to be expended in the celebration, to be held there next October.

On motion of Mr. York, the whole matter was laid on the table.

The school bill, as amended, passed, by a vote of 37 to 1.

In the House, a bill supplemental to an act to codify the laws relating to the Cherokee lands, passed.

Bills were introduced to increase the number of Justices in the several counties. Also to increase the number of Superior Court Judges to 12 and Supreme Court Judges to 5. To provide for paying Justices when they meet with the board of county commissioners. A message was received from the Governor, transmitting a letter from General Imboden with regard to the purchase of the State's interest in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, which was transmitted to the Senate with request to print.

In the SENATE, Thursday, a bill to revise and consolidate the public school law, and to make more efficient the system of education in this State, passed third reading by a vote of 40 to 2.

The new county of Durham was up again, but not settled.

In House, bill with regard to the appointment of justices of the peace.

To amend the stock law relating to certain counties.

House bill to incorporate the Danville, Mocksville and Southwestern Railroad Company was passed.

House bill to charter the Louisburg Railroad Company passed its second reading.

Mr. McCauley here submitted a report from the committee on railroads, postroads and turnpikes.

House bill to incorporate the Clinton and Faison Railroad, Csmpany, after being amended so as to allow the use of 100 convicts, passed its third reading.

In the SENATE, Friday, bills were introduced to designate the holidays to be observed; to provide for additional clerk hire for the Auditor of the State; and relative to the erection of a residence for the Governor.

The bill to establish the new county of Durham failed to pass.

In the House, bill to establish a commission with power to sell the States' stock in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad company; to provide for the sale of the State's interest in the Atlanta and North Carolina Railroad company, in the North Carolina Railroad company, in the Western North Carolina Railroad company. The Goldsboro Graded School bill passed. Senate bill to donate one acre of State land to the Shaw University for the purpose of erecting a colored medical college, passed by a vote of 66 to 1. Bill to charter the Bank of Kinston passed. Senate bill for a no fence law in the county of Davie passed second reading.

In the SENATE, Saturday, a message was received from the House, transmitting a communication from the Governor relative to the exhibition to be held in New York in 1883, recommending that the State make arrangements to be properly represented there. Ordered to be printed.

Bill to incorporate the Bank of Enfield, passed.

The establishment of the new county again consumed a great deal of the time in the Senate.

Senate bill to lay off and complete the road from Mount Airy to some point in Surry county passed its second and third readings.

In the House, a bill concerning the working of the roads by taxation, occupied a good deal of time and was finally referred to the Judiciary committee.

Bill to levy a special tax in Sarry county passed its third reading and was sent to the Senate.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The 35th ballot for United States Senator resulted in the election of John I. Mitchell.

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 24.—Frank Stewart's drug store at East Liverpool, Ohio, was destroyed by fire at half past 1 o'clock, yesterday morning. The building was partly occupied as a dwelling by a family of ten persons named Sloan. Only the father and one child, whom he carried out in his arms, escaped. The remaining eight persons perished in the flames.

STATE ITEMS.

—On Wednesday afternoon of last week, Mr. J. C. Rankin, one of Guilford's most valuable citizens fell dead on his farm, about ten miles East of Greensboro. About 4 o'clock Mr. Rankin went out from his residence to superintend some work on the farm; and at the time of his death he was standing near his son John, engaged in conversation with a negro. Suddenly the old gentleman fell, Mr. John Rankin rushed to his side saying "oh, Father what is the matter?" Mr. Rankin uttered one or two words and expired.—*Patriot*

—Some gentlemen from the North have commenced to d velop some of the mineral resources of Burke county. They have discovered on the farm of Mr. Adolphus Clark, within one mile and a half of town, a vein of white Asbestus of a very superior quality which promises to yield an inexhaustible supply of the very best quality of asbestus. Several mining engineers and experts have visited the property and they pronounce it a fishur vein of asbestus capable of yielding large quantities of asbestus of a very superior quality. The mine is only a short distance from the Railroad, making the shipment of the asbestus an easy matter.—*Morganton Blade.*

—A terrible tragedy occurred at Charlotte, on the 22nd instant. Two young men, Farrington and Harper, met, each being armed with a revolver. Harper had been indicted under a charge of seduction, the victim being a sister of Farrington. Several shots were exchanged: Farrington was struck about the chin, and his jaw bone was shattered; Harper was struck twice in or about the region of the heart, and died immediately. The other will recover, and is in the hands of the civil authorities to answer for the alleged shooting.

—One of my children was recently attacked with a severe case of Croup, which really assumed a distressing phase; I was recommended to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, after other remedies had failed. The effect was more happy and speedy, causing an entire cure. F. ALBRECHT, 241 S. Sharp St. Baltimore.

—What is the great cry from Ocean to Ocean? Kendall's Spavin Cure. Read the Adv't.

—329 spavins on Horses all cured by Kendall's Spavin Cure. Read their advertisement.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!!

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

36th YEAR.

The Scientific American.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large First-Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings*, representing the newest Inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronmy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science will be found in the Scientific American.

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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. READ PROOF BELOW.

From a Prominent Physician.

Washingtonville, Ohio, June 17th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse which had been lame from spavin eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement and a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars.

Respectfully yours, H. A. BERTOLETT, M.D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 18th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I have a very fine mare that has had a bone spavin far a long time. I tried every thing man could devise on it but all in vain and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure which I tried with grand results, removing that bone clear and clean and then I sent 25 cents to you for one of your illustrated Horse Books and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it and have since sold 18 copies for you to my neighbors and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others.

Yours truly, G. W. MILLER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH.

Bakersfield, Vt., Dec. 28, 1879.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I wish to add my testimony in favor of your invaluable liniment, "Kendall's Spavin Cure." In the spring of 1862 I slipped on the ice and sprained my limb at the knee joint. I was very lame and at times suffered the most excruciating pain. I wore a bandage on it for over a year, and tried most everything in my reach, but could find nothing that would give me permanent relief. When I overworked, it would pain me very much. In April 1878 I began to think I should be a cripple for life; but having some of "Kendall's Spavin Cure" thought I would try it. I used one-third of a bottle, and experienced relief at once. The pain left me and has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to you and would recommend "Kendall's Spavin Cure" to all who suffer with sprains or rheumatism.

Yours truly, Mrs. J. BOUTELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth, or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO. Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES.

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48 Honest Steel Springs, $5.00.

THE BEST SPRING BED NOW IN USE.

BROWN'S PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING SPRING.

Patented November 21, 1876.

THIS IS, without doubt, the CHEAPEST, BEST and MOST DURABLE SPRING ever offered to the Public, and is as far superior to any bed in the market as a smooth Nicholson pavement is superior to the corduroy roads of our fathers.

Some of the advantages of this Spring over all others are:

1st. It is CLEAN, NOISELESS and STRONG.

2nd. Each Spring is made of the best Bessemer Steel, and has an individual strength of SIXTY Pounds.

3rd. The body rests as smoothly and evenly upon this Spring as a swan floats upon the water, and a light and a heavy person sleeping in the same bed will not cause it to sag, as with slat or woven wire beds.

4th. This is the only Spring in the market that can be adjusted to any bed or be moved from one bed to another as easily as ordinary slats can be moved.

5th. It makes a smooth, even surface for the mattress to rest upon, with no ends to chafe and wear the mattress.

6th. This bed we guarantee to be Noiseless, Elastic and Adjustable: to be hard or soft at the will of the occupant (by simply adding or removing a few springs, which can be done in five minutes), and to fit the body in all its parts and positions, and not to give way under any strain, each spring being severely tested before used. No backache in this bed.

7th. Only one mattress is necessary on this bed.

Springs and County Rights for Sale by

HOLLAND AND HANES,
Winston, N. C.

Feb. 10th, 1881.

PERRY DAVIS'

VEGETABLE

PAIN KILLER

A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY

For Internal and External Use,

Is a SURE CURE for all the Diseases for which it is recommended, and is ALWAYS PERFECTLY SAFE in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.

It is a sure and quick remedy for COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CHILLS, and similar troubles; affords *instant relief in the most malignant forms* of DIPHTHERIA, and is the best known remedy for RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

THE OLDEST, BEST, AND MOST WIDELY KNOWN FAMILY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

It has been used with such wonderful success *in all parts of the world* for CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS, *that it is considered an unfailing cure for these diseases.*

HAS STOOD THE TEST OF 40 YEARS' CONSTANT USE IN ALL COUNTRIES AND CLIMATES.

It is RECOMMENDED by Physicians, Missionaries, Ministers, Managers of Plantations, Work-Shops, and Factories, Nurses in Hospitals—in short, by Everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL AS A LINIMENT.

It should always be used for Pain in the Back and Side, and *brings speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, Scalds, etc.

NO FAMILY CAN SAFELY BE WITHOUT IT. It will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills, and its price brings it within the reach of all. It is sold at 25c. 50c. and $1.00 a bottle, and can be obtained from all druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

Proprietors.

DR BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

1881 1881

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From 5 cents up to $1.25 each.

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LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX, ENGLISH CHATTERBOX, ABOARD THE MARIS, SUNDAY, WRITE YOUR OWN STORIES, ALL PICTURES, BABYLAND, WONDERFUL ROCKING HORSE, ON THE TREE TOP, SPARKLES FOR BRIGHT EYES, and the celebrated

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Coleridge,	Dryden,
Hemans,	Goldsmith,
Owen Meridith,	Thompson,
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&c. &c.,	&c., &c.,
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in twelve styles of bindings, some as low at 25 cents.

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a beautiful line of FANCY WARE, in Crockery and Wood Work.

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very pretty and *fine* in quality. Elegant presents.

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&c., &c., &c. &c.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 6, 1881.

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Fall and Winter Goods, 1880.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

(Big Star Sign, Shallow Ford Street,)

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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Groceries, Generai Merchandise, Guano,

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ONE of our firm has just returned from New York, Boston and other Northcities and we now offer the trade a much larger stock than we ever before had, consisting in part of

20 Cases	of Prints,	40 Pieces Oil Cloth,	Cross Cut Hand & Wood Saws
5 "	of Dress Goods,	50 Bags Coffee,	3,000 lbs. Sole Leather.
5 "	of Bleached Domestic,	25 Barrels Sugar,	500 lbs. Upper Leather.
		25 Cheese,	Files, Locks, Hinges, Butts,
2 "	of Flannel,	25 Buckets Candy,	Screws,
2 "	of Linsey,	30 Boxes Soap,	Hames, Traces and Collars,
5 Bales	Blankets and Quilts.	50 Barrels Syrups,	2,000 lbs Pots, Skillets, Ovens
3 "	Ticking,	20 Grosses Snuff,	and Lids.
2 "	Drilling,	Tinware of every description	20,000 lbs. Meat and Lard,
10 "	Plaids,	Big stock Paints & Medicines	1,000 Bags Salt,
20 "	Sheeting,	25 Cases Hats,	500 Bushels Clover, Orchard
15 Cases	Jeans, Cassimeres & Cloth,	200 " Shoes and Boots,	and other Grass Seeds,
		40 Pkg.s Crockery and Glassware,	40 doz. Buckets and Tubs.
20 doz.	Mens' white Shirts and Drawers,	100 Kegs Cut Nails.	30 " Brooms,
15 "	Mens' and Ladies' Merino Shirts and Drawers.	20 " Horse & Mule Shoes,	30 Coils Rope,
		25 Boxes Horse Shoe Nails.	200 Oak Kegs,
		15 doz. Shovels, Spades and Forks,	5 Barrels Coal Oil,
500 Shawls and Ladies' Cloaks		20	2 " Linseed Oil,
Immense Stock of Notions of all kinds.		15 dozen Axes,	2,000 lbs Lewis' White Lead,
		2,000 doz. Coats' Spool Cotton	250 Trunks, Valises & Satchels
			65 Grindstones & fixtures.

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1,000 Pairs Winchester, Va., SHOES and BOOTS. All warranted. None better. Complete assortment of PRIES' JEANS, GEORGIA JEANS and Holston Woolen Mills, ALL WOOL CASSIMERES. All sold at FACTORY PRICES. Our stock of ALPACAS and DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS is very large. We have recently added a

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TO OUR STOCK, AND NOW OFFER AN ENTIRE NEW LINE OF

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at bottom prices. We will sell our clothing as low as we can afford and have only one price for it. Our goods are bought right and will be

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We defy competition in both stock and prices. Country merchants will find our

Wholesale Department Unequalled.

Our trade has increased more rapidly than that of any other house in Winston and we intend to keep it growing. We are thankful for past patronage and ask everybody to come and see us.

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"STAR BRAND"

Co mpete Manures are the best for Wheat, Corn & Tobacco.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth,
THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston,
J. W. MARTIN, of Davie,
W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes,
J. M. MARTIN, of Stokes,
W. T. POINDEXTER, of Yadkin,

Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them

Respectfully,

28,8180. HINSHAW BROTHERS.

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W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
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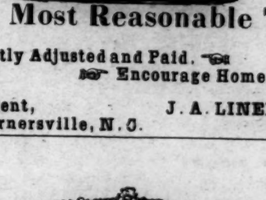

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JOB PRINTING Of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

NEW BOOKS.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received at the Salem Bookstore.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs. March 21—26-12—1 year.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1881.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the PRESS office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

—Persons wishing to pay their newspaper subscriptions in wood, will please bring it along.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—SOUND BOX STOVE, 18 inches, modern style, for $3. $4 with pipe in. Enquire at this office.

—Lent commenced on Wednesday last.

—Corn is now worth 65 cents per bushel.

—The base-ball fever has taken hold of the boys.

—Miss Lilly Crosland is visiting relatives and friends in Salisbury.

—Garden Seeds at Gray & Martins.

—New Moon on Monday morning last at 6.11 minutes in the morning.

—R. A. Jenkins spent several days last week with his family, in this place.

—The rain on Sunday last fulfilled another weather conjecture in Blum's Almanac.

—We would call attention to the advertisement of Turner's Evaporator, in this issue.

—Numbers of mountain wagons in town the past few days, loaded with apples, cabbage, &c.

—Get your Tea from Gray & Martin's.

—The Berger Band paraded our streets, in their British uniform, on Monday afternoon.

The fine heifer bought by Mr. Steward at Lexington and butchered by him, was sold to Chas. Fagg who retailed it.

—A. P. Greider has returned home from Baltimore, where he has been attending medical lectures, during the winter.

—The fresh fish peddler's voice is again heard on our streets, but we miss the dulcet notes of Obediah. Fall in ranks Obe.

—Try the Night Cap Cigar, at Gray & Martin's

—The trees in the Public Square have undergone a thorough topping and trimming, which adds considerably to its appearance, some think.

—Maj. Yates, who is now stationed at Rowan Mills with his engineering corps, spent several days with his family at Salem Hotel, last week.

—The Directors of the Midland Railroad Company met on the 24th ult. No particulars. They meet monthly. Next meeting March 24th.

—The closing exercises of Mount Pleasant Public School came off on last Saturday. There was quite a large attendance, and everything passed off well.

—The anniversaries of this week are: Longfellow born on Feb. 27th, 1807; Weber born March 1, 1779; Ash Wednesday 2nd; Boston massacre 1770.

—Best brands of Tea at Gray & Martin's.

—Fine, fat beef cattle pass through town almost daily, and our butchers, Mickey and Fagg, are doing their utmost to supply the market with choice beef.

—By some means the roof of J. P. Vest's residence caught fire, one day last week, but by the timely assistance of persons in the neighborhood it was extinguished before much damage was done.

—At the sale on Friday last, the Solomon Mickey homestead brought $1,050, and the vineyard, near town, $800. Both bid off by Frank Mickey. The household property also brought fair prices.

—The prettiest Clock ever made—the Little Jewell, is to be found at Gray & Martin's Drug Store, in Winston.

—Dr. Samuel Brietz, son of the late L. R. Brietz, a native of Salem, and for some years past a resident of Arkansas, is at the old homestead on a visit. Time has dealt kindly with Sam, and he looks as well as when he left his home.

—On Thursday last, Henry Sutton, returning from Kernersville, was waylaid by two negroes, near that place, by the name of Tuck Badger and Chas. Scott, and robbed of $15. Mr. Sutton managed, however, to capture both of them, and lodge them in jail.

—The Annual Meeting of the Salem Bible Association will take place in the Chapel of the Moravian church, on Monday the 7th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M. All friends of the cause are cordially invited to be present. Plans for the recanvassing of Forsyth county to supply destitutions will be discussed.

—Mrs. L. N. Clinard has a lot of very fine Plymouth Rock chickens which, during the intense cold weather, did not fail to lay, and still continue laying. They seldom want to set, which makes them very valuable as layers. Mrs. C. will dispose of some of the eggs.

—The old darkey, Henry Reynolds, will no doubt rejoice to learn that a good many farmers are making preparations for a large crop of water melons this summer. Notwithstanding the large quantity brought in last summer, Henry says he couldn't get his fill.

—Sam. Sink, driver of the Salem Hotel omnibus, had a strange passenger to the depot the other night in the shape of a huge rat. His ratship had evidently taken up quarters in a piece of carpet on top of the bus, where it lay concealed until its arrival at the depot, when it made its escape.

—Don't risk life and property by keeping your lamp on tables and mantle-pieces, but get one of those safe and handsome Extending Lamps from Gray & Martin's. Only $3.00.

—Armstead Fulton, of Yadkin township, Stokes County, caught, during the past season, with one cur dog, one hundred and sixty-seven possums. During the season of '79–'80, he caught with the same dog 161, and sold most of them to his neighbors, at 15 cents a pound.

—The Friedberg graveyard has been enlarged by the addition of about a quarter of an acre on the west side of the interesting old God's acre, which contains about 800 graves, and is over one hundred years old. There were seventy-four members of the congregation present on Tuesday last, engaged in enclosing the grounds with a neat paling fence.

—A short time since a certain young man purchased one of the new style cravats, (one of the kind which covers the whole of the breast,) and taking it home handed it to his mother, telling her, as a joke, that it was a liver pad. Imagine his surprise on the next Sunday, after making his toilet, and asking the old lady for his cravat, to find that she had been wearing it as a liver pad during the week, imagining, no doubt, that it did her a sight of good.

—Waughtown is looking up in the way of improvements. We learn that John I. Nissen will put up wagon shops there this summer. Also a number of tenement houses for rent to his operatives. Wm. H. Shepperd, Geo. Nissen, Rowan Charles, Mr. Pfaff and others, will put up dwellings during the summer, ten buildings in all and more in prospect. The prediction of C. L. R., in his Kernersville correspondence, may yet be fulfilled in the not distant future. So mote it be.

—A list of letters remaining in the Postoffice, at Salem, N. C., March 1st, 1881:

Miss Adah Atkins, Miss Lydia L. Boyer, William J. Brummington, Miss M. E. Beck, John Chavis, (col.), Isaac Coggin, Mrs. E. K. Crews, care of Levi Crews, Wesley Fry, Mr. Gideon, Miss Jane B. Grubs, Cas Mitchel, (col.), Rufus H. Mock, Joseph Neal, A. L. Page, Rev. Chas. Revelle, Henry Shoaf, Miss Maggie Swim, Miss Addie V. Swaim, Charlia C. White.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

—The Greensboro *Patriot* says: Bob Oakley, a criminal refugee from Greensboro, was arrested last Thursday, in Winston, by policeman Weatherly, of Greensboro. When near Greensboro, he jumped out of the car window and made his escape, but was arrested again on Sunday morning and sent to jail.

—The lecture by Rev. Dr. Rondthaler, in the Academy Chapel, on Tuesday evening last, was well attended, and was a source of gratification to all. The introductory musical exercises by Misses Vest, Mickey, Van Vleck, and Prof. D'Anna, were first-class.

The lecture was highly entertaining and instructive, with a quiet vein of humor pervading the whole, which is so necessary to hold the attention of an audience. The Sciopticon views were fairly given, and with the intelligent descriptions of the lecturer, very pleasantly concluded the lecture. Miss Mickey gave a splendid solo, and Prof. D'Anna brilliantly concluded the evening at the piano.

Other lectures will follow after the Easter holidays, of which due notice will be given.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday Feb. 26, 1881 :—

Monday	$4,016 24
Tuesday	5,417 99
Wednesday	4,885 22
Thursday	3,735 61
Friday	2,687 72
Saturday	2,415 66
Total	$23,158 44

—Some years ago, when debating societies were more in vogue than they are at the present time, an old and esteemed citizen of this county took part in a debate one night, the subject being, "Which was the more beautiful, the work of Nature or that of Art?" Our old friend, (or young friend as he was then), chose Nature for his part in the debate, and as he discussed the beauties of nature he became quite eloquent, and in winding up his discourse, said: "Look, my friends, at the beautiful flowers; how can the work of art excel them; are they alone not enough to convince you that nature is more beautiful than art?" Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "But, my dear friends, just let a *drought* or a big *frost* come, and where, oh where are the beautiful flowers.

CEDAR COVE NURSERIES, RED PLAINS, N. C., March 1, 1881.

Since the article appeared in the *Press* of the 17th inst., concerning the damage to peach trees, during the cold snap this winter, many inquiries have been made here concerning the management of trees damaged in that way. Trees damaged sufficient to kill the tops, by being frozen, should be cut back to the snow line. In no other way can such trees be saved and make a properly formed tree. It is best to cut back as soon as it is ascertained that the top will not put out leaves. PROPRIETOR.

Press Correspondence.

—Chickens are dying in Davidson County with a strange disease. Their heads commence swelling, they go blind and then die. Some think this disease originated from the extreme cold weather this winter.

—A number of the Davidson people are going to the mountains to buy oats and Irish potatoes. Oats and potatoes are scarce in this section. B.

Press Correspondence.

MIDWAY, N. C., Feb. 21, 1881.

Messrs. Editors of People's Press: It was my good fortune to attend the Singing School Celebration at Bethesda Church, on yesterday, and must say I was highly pleased with the exercises of the day. Prof. P. J, Leonard, of Lexington, conducted the singing in a manner very creditably, and the best order was preserved during the whole of the exercises.

The music, which was both instrumental and vocal, was delightfully sweet to the ear, and possessed a soothing and elevating influence, certainly, for good. The Temple Star was the text book, and its most beautiful and appropriate pieces were selected for the occasion, among which were "Scatter Seeds," "The old School-House," "Never say Fail," "Wind the Merry Horn," and "We'll wait till Jesus comes." The Pilgrim Class was present, and the singing of course, was performed alternately: the Pilgrim Class singing a stanza, and then the Bethesda Class taking up another stanza, and rendering it with equal sweetness and beauty; then both classes joining together making the whole church vocal with the sweetest strains of music.

Prof. P. J. Leonard makes "The Temple Star" his text book, and is certainly meeting with remarkable success wherever he goes; he is, in his sphere, quite a master of the shaped note system.

Very respectfully,

DAVID LONG.

N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station,

February 26th, 1881.

BULLETIN NO. 2.

To calculate the value of a fertilizer by use of the Station figures: Multiply the percentage of available phosphoric acid found by analysis by 12½. This gives the value in cents of the available phospheric acid found in a 100 pounds. Just so multiply the percentage of ammonia by 18.9, and of potash by 8, and add these products together. The sum is the value of these constituents in a 100 pounds. Multiply this by 20 and you have the commercial value of the active ingredients in a ton of 2,000 lbs. This is a fair approximation to the value of the article commercially at the present time and the figures thus obtained afford an accurate means of comparing different fertilizers.

The following analysis of fertilizers have been completed at the Station:—

Stono Acid Phosphate, manufactured by the Stono Phosphate Co., Charleston, S. C., sampled at Fayetteville, Feb. 7th, 1881, cash price per ton——, contains water 13.88, sand 9.67, available Phos. Acid 10.41, Insoluble Phos. Acid 3.53. Potash 0.82 per cent. Commercial value per ton (2.000 lbs.) $27.33.

Long's Prepared Chemicals, manufactured by Long & Dugdale, Baltimore, sampled at Fayettsville, Feb. 7, 1881, contain water 17.58, sand 523, available Phos. Acid 11.58, Insoluble Phos. Acid 2.36, Potash 1.06 per cent. Commercial value per ton(2,000 lbs.) $30.64.

Pine Island Ammoniated Phosphate manufactured by Quinnissiac Fertilizer Co., New London, Conn., sampled at Raleigh, cash price per ton $40,00, contains water 19.85, sand 2.23, available Phosphoric Acid 11 69, Insoluble Phos. Acid 2.03, Ammonia 2.49, Potash 1.69 per cent. Commercial value per ton (2,000 lbs.) $41.34.

Lister's Ammoniated Dissolved Bone, manufactured by Lister Bros., Newark, New Jersey, sampled at Raleigh, Jan. 27th, 1881, cash price per ton $40.00; contains water 18.08, sand 2.75, available Phosphoric Acid 9.29, Insoluble Phosphoric Acid 2.68, Ammonia 2.21, Potash 1.15 per cent. Commercial value per ton (2,000 lbs.) $33.48.

Samples are analyzed in the order in which they happen to come in. Other analyses wil follow rapidly.

CHAS. W. DABNY, Jr.,
Director.

Exceptions to Written Mail Matter of the First-Class.

The Postmaster-General has issued an order creating the following exceptions to first-class mail matter, which embraces all matter wholly or partially in writing:

First. Corrected proof-sheets and manuscript copy accompanying the same.

Second. Date and name of the addressed, and of the sender of circulars, and the correction of mere typographical errors therein.

Third. Bills, receipts, and orders for subscription enclosed in second-class publications, provided such bills, receipts, and orders shall be in such form as to convey no other information than the name, location, and subscription price of the publication or publications to which they refer.

Fourth. The name and address of the person to whom second-class matter may be sent, and index figure of a subscription book, and works or figures, or both, indicating the date on which the subscription to such matter will end.

Fifth. Upon matter of the third-class, or upon the wrapper in closing the same, the sender may write his own name or address, with the word "from" above and preceding the same, and in either case may make simple marks, intended to designate a word or passage of the text to which it is desired to call attention.

Sixth. There may be placed upon the cover or blank leaves of any book or of any printed matter of the third-class, a simple manuscript dedication or inscription; such dedication or inscription must be confined to a simple address or consignment of such book or other printed matter as a mark of respect, and must not contain anything that partakes of the nature of a personal correspondence.

Seventh. Upon matter of the fourth class the sender may write his own name and address, preceeded by the word "from," and also the number and names of the articles inclosed. He may also write upon or attach to any such articles, by tag or label, a mark or number, name or letter, for purpose of identification.

GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION.—The Washington *Chronicle* says: "All other matters sink into insignificance beside the inauguration of President-elect Garfield. The arrangements for the inaugural ceremonies are progressing satisfactorily, and the indications are that the demonstration will surpass in size and grandeur anything of the kind ever seen here. A large detachment of regular troops has been ordered to Washington to take part in the ceremonies, and most all the leading military and civic organizations in the country have notified the executive committee of their intention to participate. Gen. Sherman, the cheif marshal, estimates this class of visitors at 20,000 which in making up his programme he considered too large a number of men to group in front of the east front of the Capitol, where the inauguration ceremonies will take place, and so concluded to make up the procession after the ceremonies so that President Garfield could review it and also for the benefit of the immense throng of strangers who are expected to be here.

Elaborate arrangements are being made for the inaugural ball. The new National Museum, in which the ball is to be given, is specially adapted for the purpose. The building has one large room covering two and three-eighth acres of ground. The limit of the number of tickets of admission to eight thousand provides about six square feet to each person, which will allow ample room for dancing. In view of the expense attending the preparations no complimentary tickets will be issued except to President and Mrs. Hayes, President-elect and Mrs. Garfield, ex-President and Mrs. Grant, and Presidential candidate Gen. W. S. Hancock, all of whom have promised to be present."

—The St. Louis elevators are busy loading barges with wheat and corn for foreign shipment, via New Orleans. From 300,000 to 400,000 bushels will be sent out early.

—Lovers of honey will be gratified to learn that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a much sweeter article in winter and much better for a cough.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, near Salem, on Feb. 24th, by Rev. Thomas Long, Mr. L. J. MUSGRAVE, of Wayne County, N. C., to Miss NETTIE, daughter of John Beckerdite. After the close of the ceremony and the enjoyment of the nice repast, the happy pair left on the morning train, for their future home, in Wayne County. That their future be full of happiness and prosperity, is the wish of their many friends. No cards.

On the 22nd Feb., at the residence of Jas. W. Haden, the brides father, in Boone township, Davidson County, by Elder Wm. Turner, Mr. CHARLIE W. HOLMES, of Salisbury, and Miss MINNIE HADEN.

In Davidson County, on the 24th Feb. by H. W. Lindsey, Esq., Mr. GEORGE W. ELLER to Miss S. A. GOSSETTE.

At the residence of the bride's parents, in Stokes county, on Sunday, Feb. 20th, Mr. A. J. MARTIN and Miss NANNIE MCANNALLY.

On the same day, Mr. J. W. HAMMONS and Miss NANNIE HEATH.

On the same day at the residence of Mr. John Bennett, Mr. W. F. HARRIS and Miss Sarah Rierson.

Also, on Tuesday, Feb. 22nd, Mr. J. DUNKIN and Miss ELLEN CARTER.

DIED.

On Wednesday of last week, Mr. P. BLACK, of Madison.

In Mt. Airy, on the 8th ult., THOMAS J. LOWERY, Sr., aged 63 years, 1 month and 26 days. The deceased was the father of T. J. Lowery, Jr., editor of Mt. Airy *News* and was a highly respected citizen.

Very suddenly, in Abbott's Creek Township, Forsyth County, on the 23rd Feb. JOHN SMITH aged 68 years.

OBITUARY.

Died in Kernersville, N. C., on Friday, February 25th, Mr. REPHELIUS BYRON KERNER, aged 31 years, 11 months and 8 days.

The deceased was a son of Mr. Israel Kerner, and grand-son of John F. Kerner. On the 22nd of September, 1874, he married Miss Anna Elizabeth Matthews, and they have three children, all living, but too young to realize their loss.

Mr. Kerner identified himself as a prominent resident of his native place by erecting a neat residence and engaging in mercantile pursuits and tobacco manufacturing, and was of the firm of Kerner & Co. As he possessed first-class business qualities, coupled with energy and perseverance, he was meeting with deserved success.

His character in his business relations with his fellow-men was that of a high-toned Christian gentleman; and moreover he possessed fine social qualities which constituted him an agreeable companion in the home circle, where most of all he will be missed as husband, parent, son and brother. His unexpected demise has left a void that cannot be filled. He embraced the Christian religion and became a member of the Methodist E. Church when a mere boy, and gave assurance that the hope then obtained in Christ sustained him during his last sufferings, and proved as an anchor to his soul, sure and steadfast in death itself.

He died, it is supposed, from heart disease; and yet no one out of the family circle, until within a week of his death, suspected anything wrong. On the opening of the new warehouse, Feb. 16th, he was present and took part as a buyer; but next day he complained of being unwell and was merely a looker on, went home and never left the house again. All who came to visit him were pained to see how he suffered.

His funeral was preached in the Methodist E. church, on Sunday, at 11 o'clock, by your correspondent, from Luke II 2: "Thy will be done." The casket containing his remains was borne from the house to the church, and after the funeral to the Methodist grave yard, by six of the principal business men of the town: Messrs. W. H. Leak, John L. King, C. W. Benbow, G. H. McKinney, James W. Beard and J. P. Jones. The church was full to overflowing; a large part of the audience were the near relatives of the deceased, in fact Kerners: First was the aged grand-father, John F. Kerner, 83 years old last January, and his six sons and three daughters, 46 grand-children, and 24 great grand-children.

In 1816, Joseph Kerner, the father of John F., who had come to this country as a young man from Germany, bought what was then called Shober's Cross Roads. He had two sons and one daughter, and all the living members of the three families were present with one exception, Mrs. J. G. Sides of Salem; two sisters of the deceased had to come the farthest, Mrs. Dr. Pepper, living in Danbury, whose husband is one of the editors of the *Reporter*, and Mrs. Pitzer, living near there. He was the first adult that had ever died out of J. F. Kerner's family, except Mrs. Kerner his first wife; and then came the side relations, the Perrys, the Watsons and the Walkers, constituting, as I have already said, the large part of the audience.

Our entire community sympathize with Mrs. Kerner in her bereavement and trust that she will be sustained by a Higher Power. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., Feb. 28, 1881.

$25 PREMIUM.

GET THE BEST.

Turner's Patent Evaporator.

A PREMIUM OF $25 will be given the farmer who produces the greatest quantity of sugar from syrup made by Turner's Patent Evaporator, from one acre of seed cane, grown in North Carolina. Ten pounds to be exhibited at the next annual State Fair at Raleigh.

Turner's Patent Evaporator has been in use for two years, and is highly reconmended by farmers and others who have used it. The following certificate speaks for itself:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, SURRY CO., } January 18th, 1881.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used the Turner Evaporator for the past year and find it to be a perfect success.

It has advantages that no other evaporator has:

1st. The fire can be regulated without any danger of risk of burning or scorching the molasses.

2nd. The arrangement is such that you can regulate the flow of juice and discharge of finished syrup with such accuracy as not to endanger the syrup from its having tinge of scorch or dark drugy appearance.

3rd. It facilitates the labor so very much that one hand can attend to the Evaporator and do good work; besides many other advantages that I have neither time or space here to enumerate.

REV. J. J. SETLIFF.

P. S. I made syrup from the early Amber Cane that actually commenced the process of granulation on the Evaporator.

J. J. S.

For further information, call on or address, W. E. TURNER, Dalton, N. C.

or B. TURNER, Bethanina, N. C.

March 3, 1881–8–6m.

JOHN SAUL'S CATALOGUE

Of New, Rare and Beautiful

PLANTS FOR 1881,

Will be ready in February, with a colored plate. It is full in really good and beautiful plants,—New Dracenas, new Crotons, new Roses, new Pelargoniums, etc., with a rich collection of fine foliage and other green-house and hot-house plants, well grown and at low prices. Free to all my customers; to others. 10 cts., or a plain copy free. Catalogues of seeds, roses, fruit trees, etc., gratis. JOHN SAUL,
Washington, D. C.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 25 to $1 40
Wheat, (red) " "	1 00 to 1 25
Corn, per bushel,	60 to 65
Oats, " "	50 to 00
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	3 00 to 3 50
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	00 to 00
Peas, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 00
Pork,	6 to 7
Country Meat, (hog round,)	8 to 09
" Hams'	10 to 12
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	10 to 00
Butter, per pound,	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	5 to 0
Beeswax " "	20 to 20
Flax Seed, per bushel,	80 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	60 to 0 75
Potatoes, sweet, " "	50 to 75
Cabbage, per pound,	1½ to 2
Chickens, per dozen,	1 50 to 2 00
Hay, per hundred,	50 to 55
Fodder, per hundred bdls,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs,	00 to 00
Blackberries,	0 to 00
Whortlleberries	0 to 00
Dried Cherries	0 to 00
Dried Apples	0 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

New Red Lugs,	3 50 to 4 00
New Bright and Common,	5 00 to 5 00
New Bright, Good,	7 00 to 8 00
" " Fine,	10 00 to 12 00
New Fillers Common	5 00 to 6 00
" " Good,	7 00 to 9 00
New Wrappers, mediums	20 00 to 30 00
" " Good,	30 00 to 40 00
Fancy Wrappers,	60 00 to 75 00

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45. a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle

PAY YOUR

RAILROAD TAX.

On account of the severity of the weather the Railroad Tax will not be put out for collection until the 1st day of April. After which time cost will be added.

My deputy will be at the Court-House, during all courts, on every Friday and Saturday, and every day from the 15th to the last of March.

E. KERNER, Tax Collector.

LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber wishes to sell a tract of land lying on the Belews Creek Road, adjoining the lands of W. H. Wheeler, Lemly and Brooks and John Masten, containing 60 acres, more or less. The land is well timbered, and within one mile of Winston.

W. J. COOPER, Agent.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
YADKIN COUNTY,

IN SUPERIOR COURT.

J. M. Jones and wife Permelia A., W. H. Rodwell and wife Martha, and J. H. Williams,

vs.

J. H. Shore and wife Julia A., E. C. Rodwell, Julia Rodwell, R. V. Rodwell, L. A. Rodwell, W. W. Rodwell, H. O. Rodwell, L. D. Rodwell, J. F. Rodwell, J. C. Williams and J. H. Shore, guardian of J. C. Williams.

This cause coming on to be heard upon affidavit, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that E. C. Rodwell, Julia A. Rodwell, R. V. Rodwell, L. A. Rodwell, W. W. Rodwell, L. D. Rodwell, H. O. Rodwell and J. F. Rodwell, are necessary parties, Defendants in the above entitled action, and non-residents of this State, and that summons cannot be personally served on them: It is therefore ordered that publication be made for six successive weeks in the *People's Press*, a newspaper published in the town of Salem, N. C., commanding the said defendants to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Yadkin County, within twenty days after the service of this summons on them, and answer the complaint of plaintiffs, demanding judgment for the sale of lands for partition, or the case will be heard *ex parte*, as to them.

Given under my hand and seal, at office, in Yadkinville, this the 8th day of February, A. D. 1881.

I. N. VESTAL,
Probate Judge.

6-6 w.

CEDAR COVE NURSERIES.

All kinds of fruit trees and small fruit plants at unusually, low rate, prices and descriptions sent free. Address

N. W. CRAFT.

Red Plains, Yadkin Co., N. C.

Cures by **ABSORPTION** (Nature's way)

ALL LUNG DISEASES, THROAT DISEASES, BREATHING TROUBLES,

It **DRIVES INTO** the system curative agents and healing medicines.

It **DRAWS FROM** the deceased parts the poisons that cause death.

Thousands Testify to its Virtues.

YOU CAN BE RELIEVED & CURED.

Don't despair until you have tried this Sensible, Easily Applied and **RADICALLY EFFECTUAL** Remedy.

Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of **Price, $2,** by

This is the Original and genuine Kidney Pad. Ask for it and take no other.

The "Only" Lung Pad Co.
Williams Block,
DETROIT, Mich.

Send for Testimonials and our book, "THREE MILLIONS A YEAR" sent free

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 23, 1881.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 43. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	5 35 a m	3 38 p m	6 30 a m
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	5 40 p m	10 20 p m
" High Point	7 25 a m	7 02 p m	2 30 p m
Arrive Greensboro	7 50 a m	7 35 p m	3 00 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 05 a m	.....	5 00 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	12 04 a m	.....	11 05 p m
" Durham	12 48 p m	.....	11 57 a m
" Raleigh	1 55 p m	.....	3 00 a m
Leave	4 00 p m	6 00 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	6 20 p m	9 40 a m	.....

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 43.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 23, 1881.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	9 50 a m	6 40 p m	.....
" Raleigh	12 40 p m	10 30 p m	.....
Leave "	12 10 p m	.....	6 30 a m
" Durham	4 30 p m	.....	8 55 a m
" Hillsboro	5 13 p m	.....	10 20 a m
" Greensboro	7 25 p m	.....	2 10 p m
Leave "	8 40 p m	10 05 a m	.....
Arrive High Point	9 45 p m	10 37 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 40 p m	11 32 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 25 a m	1 47 p m	.....

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west

No. 42.—Connectsat Air-Line Junc. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-East.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily except Sunday		10 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	" " "	10 25 p m
Arrive Salem	" " "	12 15 p m
Leave Salem	" " "	4 20 p m
Arrive Kernersville	" " "	6 10 p m
Arrive Greensboro	" " "	6 20 p m

Connecting at Greensboro with Trains on R. & D. and N. C. Railroads.

Sleep'g Cars Without Change,

Run both ways with Trains Nos. 48 and 47, between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and between Greensboro and Augusta; and on Trains Nos. 42 and 45 between Boston and Savannah.

Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South, South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to points in Arkansas and Texas, address

A. POPE,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given to the citizens of Arcadia township, Davidson Coonty, that the Stock Law will be put in full force, on the first day of April, 1881.

Also all stock to be enclosed or kept up by the 10th of March, 1881.

G. W. BURK,
W. D. RAPER,
N. L. KIMEL,
} Supervisors.

Feb. 10, 1881.—6-3t.

1880. 1880.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Fall and Winter of 1880, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., Sept. 16, 1880.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GET THE BEST.

If you intend some day to get

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED,
"DO IT NOW."

THE NEW EDITION

Contains over 118,000 Words, 1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings, Four Pages Colored Plates, 4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings, Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

THE "most beautiful and complete English Dictionary." Has 3000 Engravings, nearly three times as many as any other Dict'ry. Every school and family should have it for constant reference.

GET THE STANDARD.

Sale of Webster's is over 20 times the sale of any other series of Dictionaries. The "highest authority of the Courts in definition."—*Chief Justice Waite.* An almost universal authority in deciding the meaning of words. No other Dictionary has been bought by any State to supply its Schools. Dictionary on which nine-tenths of the School Books of the country are based. Authority in the Government Printing Office at Washington. Jan. 1881. Recommended by State Supt's Schools in 36 States, and 50 College Pres'ts. Dictionary that has been placed in more than 32,000 public schools in U.S.

THE STANDARD

IS IT NOT THE STANDARD?

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass. Also Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary. 1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR KIDNEY PAD

CURE YOUR BACK ACHE

And all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs by wearing the

Improved Excelsior Kidney Pad.

It is a MARVEL of HEALING and RELIEF.

Simple, Sensible, Direct, Painless, Powerful.

It **CURES** where all else fails. A **REVELATION** and **REVOLUTION** in Medicine. Absorption or direct application, as opposed to unsatisfactory internal medicines. Send for our treatise on Kidney troubles, sent free. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, on receipt of price, $2.

ADDRESS

The "Only" Lung Pad Co.
Williams Block,
DETROIT, Mich.

The People's Press

FOR 1881.

TERMS:

ONE YEAR,	$1 50
SIX MONTHS,	75
THREE MONTHS,	50
TEN COPIES FOR	12 50

THE PRESS

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning,

and has a circulation in the counties of Forsyth, Davidson, Davie, Yadkin, Surry, Stokes and Guilford, as well as a fair circulation in other parts of the State, and in the West, and Northwestern and Southwestern States among emigrated North Carolinians.

The publishers will endeavor, more than ever before, to make the PRESS

A First-class Newspaper.

The Miscellaneous Department

will receive careful attention, giving choice fireside reading and much general information.

The Local Department

will be as complete and reliable as possible.

The State and General News

will have a large share of attention.

The Farmer

will find our Agricultural Department as practical and useful as we can make it. We request all our friends to send us statements of the result of experiments with their crops and we will publish them for the benefit of our readers.

The Markets

will be given carefully corrected every week.

We earnestly request the co-operation of every *subscriber, friend* or *reader* of the paper in extending its circulation.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., April, 1880.

New York Weekly Herald.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the Daily Herald and is arranged in handy departments. The

*F

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Grape Culture.

The grape ought to be as widely disseminated as the apple, and there is no good reason why it should not be. The large vineyards can supply our city population, but to supply the agricultural districts, grapes must be grown at home. This can be done at so small cost that no man who owns a home with a half-acre of land has any apology for depriving his family of grapes. An eighth of an acre in vines will supply a family and leave a surplus to sell. Any well-drained land that will produce sixty bushels of corn to the acre may be expected to produce good grapes. Well-prepared borders, with a good supply of bones, are desirable, but by no means essential. A dressing of wood ashes is an excellent fertilizer, but any manure good for corn will be good for the vines. The varieties which do well under the greatest variety of circumstances, and bear neglect best, are such as the Concord, the Hartford Prolific and the Ives Seedling. There are grapes of much better quality than these, but they are good enough to suit the popular taste, and are hardy. They can be relied upon to bear fruit every season in generous quantity. The Ives has a thick skin, and is particularly desirable to pack in boxes for winter use. They have been for years before the public, are thoroughly tested and can be furnished very cheaply by any nurseryman. A cheap trellis of chestnut posts and wire will be all the support they need. A four months' supply of grapes will promote health in the family, save doctors' bills and prove an important part of the food supply.—*American Agriculturist.*

About Horses.

The stomach of a horse has a capacity of about sixteen quarts, while that of the ox has 250. In the intestines this proportion is reduced, the horse having a capacity of 190 quarts against 100 of the ox. The ox, and nearly all other animals, have a gall-bladder for the retention of a part of the bile, secreted during digestion. The horse has none, and the bile flows directly into the intestines as fast as secreted. This construction of the digestive apparatus indicates that the horse was formed to eat slowly, and digest continually bulky and innutritious food; when fed on hay it passes very rapidly through the stomach into the intestines. The horse can eat but five pounds of hay in an hour, during mastication, with four times its weight of saliva. Now, the stomach to digest it well, will contain but about ten quarts; and when the animal eats one-third of his daily rations, or seven pounds, in one and one-half hours, he has swallowed at least two stomachfuls of hay and saliva, one of these having passed to the intestines. Observation has shown that the food is passed to the intestines by the stomach in the order in which it is received. If we feed a horse with six quarts of oats, it will just fill his stomach; and if, as soon as he finishes this, we feed him the above ration of seven pounds of hay, he will eat sufficient in three-quarters of an hour to have forced the oats entirely out of his stomach into the intestines. As it is the office of the stomach to digest the nitrogenous parts of the feed, and as a stomachful of oats contains four or five times as much of these as the same amount of hay, it is certain that either the stomach must secrete the gastric juice five times as fast, or it must retain this food five times as long. By feeding the oats first, it can only be retained long enough for the proper digestion of the hay; consequent y it seems logical, when feeding a concentrated food like oats with a bulky one like hay, to feed the latter first, giving the grain the whole time between the repasts to be digested. The digestion of the horse is governed by the same laws as that of man; and we know it is not best for a man to go at hard work the moment a hearty meal is eaten, so we should remember that a horse ought to have a little rest after his meal, while the stomach is most active in the processes of digestion.—*Planter and Farmer.*

Recipes.

LEMON CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and a half cups of flour, one scant cup of milk, two whole eggs and yolks of two, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, grated rind of two large lemons. Bake in layer cakes. Icing for the cakes—whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one pound of powdered sugar, juice of two lemons.

FOURCHETTE.—Bits of nice salt pork, about one-third of an inch thick, two or three inches square; bits of calf's liver the same size. Put these alternately on a long skewer, beginning and ending with pork; lay it in the oven across a dripping-pan, and roast as you would a bird, basting occasionally. When done slide the pieces from the skewer, and serve on a hot plate.

TO KEEP TOMATOES WHOLE.—Fill a large stone jar with ripe tomatoes, then add a few whole cloves and a little sugar; cover them well with one-half cold vinegar and half water; place a piece of flannel over the jar, well down in the vinegar; then tie down with paper. In this way tomatoes can be kept a year. Should mildew collect on the flannel it will not hurt them in the least.

STUFFED EGG PLANT.—Cut them in half, lengthwise, and parboil them in salted water; scoop out most of the inside, and pound this to a paste in the mortar, with a little fat bacon and some mushrooms, previously chopped up, a little onion, also chopped, pepper and salt to taste, and a little crumb of bread soaked in stock. Fill each half with this mixture, lay them in a well-buttered tin, and bake for about a quarter of an hour.

Reading the Recipe.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and, being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson Jakie to read it for her. Jakie took the paper, like a dutiful child, and, holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

"Oh, what's the matter wid yew! Gew ever see a watermelon that wusn't green?"

"Cut the watermelon into four halves—"

"But there ain't only two halves to anything. I don' believe you are reading that, Jakie."

"Well, I don't have to, anyhow that's what the recet says. Then soak it in a pint cup—"

"Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?"

"Well, I ain't here to tell the wherefases and howfores. I'm just readin' the facts and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put it in a skillet and fry it fur five days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a recipe as that?" said the old lady; but Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar—"

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it;" but Jakie continued:

"Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk strainer over the melon, and to one cup of butter and the whites and yolks and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and two tablespoonfuls of quinine and run it through a coffee mill and let it stand until it ferments, and then put it in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off in crocks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold and spread it on mince pie and it makes capital dessert," and Jakie slid out of the door and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument. —*Detroit Free Press.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The inquiries of Professor Cohn, of Breslau, indicate that short-sightedness is rarely or never born with those subject to it, and that it is almost always the result of strains sustained by the eye during study in early youth.

Ten pounds of tobacco out of every eleven that is used in this country is grown here. We grow about 391,000,000 pounds, import about 7,000,000, export about 321,000,000, leaving 77,000,000 for consumption. It is estimated that there are about 7,000,000 smokers in the United States; thus the yearly average per smoker is eleven pounds.

A number of English coal mines are being worked under the ocean. In Northumberland the net available quantity of coal under the sea is estimated at 403,000,000 tons, and on the Durham coast under the sea, including a breadth of three and a half miles, with an area of seventy-one square miles, 734,500,000 tons. The latter mine is in a vein of an aggregate thickness of thirty feet, distributed in six seams. Engineers are considering how it can be worked successfully in the future.

It is some consolation to know that the prophets of disaster to our steady-going old planet do not agree among themselves. Two of them have deduced from the Bible the conclusion that things will go on as they are till 1887. Then people must look out for a tremendous cataclysm; the Star of Bethlehem will reappear, and moral, physical and mundance convulsions will follow. Others, however, equally entitled to credence also, have set the date of the event as November 12, 1881.

It gives one a vivid idea of the incalculable loss to the country in material wealth from the wanton or accidental destruction of our forests that the damage from forest fires in but three States, New York, Michigan and Wisconsin, and in but a single year, 1871, is estimated at the enormous sum of $215,000,000. As a consequence of similar destruction settlers in Minnesota have been compelled this winter to burn their furniture, farm implements, outhouses and even the doors of their dwellings to keep from freezing. Others have paid from $17 to $20 a cord for firewood. No wonder the Minnesota Foresters' association is pressing so energetically the need of renewing their woodlands.

"Murder," according to the San Bernardino *Times*, 'still stalks red-handed through the Pacific coast." The record of violent deaths for a single week is given as a sample: At Cucamonga "a man undertook to shoot another; his hand was struck up, the pistol discharged, and a young man entirely innocent of the row now lies at the point of death; at El Monte, Hunt, who is known to have murdered one or more men in Utah and others in Arizona, and was allowed to elude the law, butchered one of the best citizens of Los Angeles, and came within a hair's breadth of killing a citizen of the Monte at the same time; in Reno, on the seventeenth, a man shot another over a game of cards; at Bodie the people arose in their indignation and lynched a murderer who had been arrested and allowed to escape; at San Diego, a day or two since, a saloon keeper shot two men in self-defense, and they are now in a dying condition." The *Times* says this record is repeated week after week, and thinks it about time that jurors should begin to convict murderers, and that a severe penalty should be imposed upon carrying a deadly weapon of any kind.

A Terrapin Farm.

The Mobile (Ala.) *Register* has the following account of a terrapin farm owned by Mulford Dorlon at Cedar Point: This projection of land is on the western shore of Mobile bay, about thirty miles below this city, and is inhabited principally by oystermen, who reap golden harvests from the many beds which furnish nearly every oyster brought to the port of Mobile. Mr. Dorlon, who keeps a store at this point, has about three acres fenced in with strong pilings. Leading to this inclosure are two canals, one on the bay side and the other on the gulf side, which supply with salt water a number of ditches ten feet wide and 100 feet long. The sand accumulating from the excavation of these ditches is thrown on each side, and used by the terrapins to sun themselves and lay their eggs in, which, if counted, would go up in the millions, and can be raked up by the bushel. In the winter season the terrapins remain imbedded in the mud of the ditches, where they stay until spring time, never touching a morsel of food. A system of sluices enables Mr. Dorlon to keep the ditches full of salt water, or drain them at pleasure, and he is not at all dependent on the tide for that purpose.

The number of terrapins on the farm, as far as can be ascertained and by the closest calculation, is between 20,000 and 25,000, and in the course of the next three or four years will be something hard to calculate. About May 1, Mr. Dorlon makes his purchase of terrapins from the country people on the Mississippi sound, and takes all he can secure at $3 a dozen, and that generally averages about 8,000 a year added to his farm, outside of those bred therein. The inhabitants of Mississippi and Alabama hunt the terrapins with dogs trained for that purpose. The dog barks when he finds one, and the hunter immediately secures it by going to the spot where the dog points.

The cost of feeding the terrapins, which, as we have said, is only done in the summer, is about one dollar per dozen for the season, and the price per dozen in New York has varied from $18 to $8. The food, which consists of crabs and fish, is caught with a seine, in front of the farm, and really very little expense is attached to the raising of these valuable land tortoises. Mr. Dorlon begins to ship about October 1, and then on to May 10. He generally sends his to Savannah by rail, and thence to New York by steamer, averaging about 12,000 a season, and had it not been for a disastrous hurricane, which some time ago washed out Mr. Dorlon's farm, it would be to-day the greatest terrapin farm in the world. He can always ship all he can get, for there is a ready market for these delicacies.

A Determined Office-Seeker.

Last spring a bright-eyed, pretty girl of sixteen made her way into the presence of Secretary Sherman and said:

"Mr. Sherman, I have come here to get a place." "There are none vacant," was the reply. "I know you can give me a place if you want to, and I think I am as much entitled to it as anybody. My father spent his life in the United States army, and when he died he left nothing. The responsibility of the family is on me, and I think I've got as good a claim as any one else on the government." "What kind of a place do you want?" "I don't care what it is, but I must have work at once." Mr. Sherman assured her that there were ten applicants for every one place, and there was very little chance. She very deliberately told him that such an answer would not do, and declared that if he would allow her she would come up every day and black his shoes, if he couldn't do better for her. The secretary was struck at her determination and charmed by her bright face and her sprightly manner. He told her to come back. In less than a week she had a good place in the treasury, which she still holds. Every morning she walks to the department with the step of a business little woman who is proud that her delicate hands can be the support of others. She receives $100 a month and supports in comfort her mother and sister. This brave, bright young woman is Miss May Macauley, formerly of Atlanta.—*Washington Letter.*

"I should blush to simper" is the latest slang.

VALUABLE OLD COINS.

High Prices for Rare Coins and Medals—A Silver Dollar Valued at $1,000.

Looking over a large collection of old coins and medals, a New York reporter asked the dealer: "What is the oldest coin you have?"

"Here is an Ægina coin dating 700 years before Christ. It is a didrachma, and was a very common Greek coin. It is worth about $6."

"Only $6 for so much antiquity? How is that? Does not a coin become more valuable according to its age?"

"By no means, unless it is rare and in demand as well as old. Many old coins are comparatively plentiful. Here are coins at least 2,000 years old that can be bought for seventy-five cents, $1 or $2."

"How do you know they are genuine?"

"By the same tests that manuscripts and traditions and historical facts of all kinds are authenticated. There are societies not only in New York, but in Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg and other places, where they make a study of these things. There is no more trouble in authenticating an ancient coin than any other object of antiquity."

"Have you any specimens of the 'widow's mite' spoken of in Scripture?"

"Yes; they are not very scarce. Here is a coin issued by Pontius Pilate."

"You have never found any of the silver pieces for which Joseph was sold?"

"No, there would be no means of identifying them, because they were not coined or stamped. The silver for which Judas betrayed his master was coined money. The progress of the art of coining is a fair index of the progress of the ages. First there were only rude stamps on chunks of silver or other metal. Then the stamps were made larger, but no attempt was made to fill out the mold. The more modern coins are perfect all over, the ornamental part covering the rim as well as the faces. Some of the medals that have been coined to commemorate various events are the most beautiful specimens of die cutting. There is naturally more scope for the artist to produce a design on a medal. Here is a beautiful medal struck in 1830 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of Belgium. There is one of 1637. The subject is the siege of Breda, in the Netherlands. Here is a double crown with the portrait of Ferdinand III. and his wife. The original value was two dollars; it is now worth $15."

"What are the chief coins of the United States that are worth more than their face value?"

"The silver dollar of 1794, with flowing hair, is worth $15. The silver dollar of 1804 is worth $900 to $700. The silver dollar of 1838 is worth $15. The half dollars of 1794 are worth $25; of 1796, $50; and 1797, $10; of 1836, with milled edge, $2. An original half dollar struck by the Confederate States in 1861 is worth $200. The quarter dollar of 1796 is worth $1; of 1823 and 1827, $15; of 1853, 50 cents. The twenty-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are worth $1 50 each. The dimes of 1796 are worth 50 cents; of 1797, 1798, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1804, are worth $1 each. In some cases there have been different issues of the same coin in the same year. One issue may be a rarity, and the other issue may be plentiful. The only way to determine the value is to see what a piece will sell for. Of half dimes, an issue of 1794 is worth $1; of 1796, 1797, 1801, 1803, and 1805, $1 each. The most valuable half dime is of the issue of 1802, which is worth $12.75. Three cent silver pieces from 1863 to 1868 are worth twenty-five cents each. Those of 1873 are worth sixty cents each."

"How about the famous liberty pennies?"

"There are many varieties, and their value varies from ten cents to $10 according to the perfection of the stamp. There are several kinds of the issue of 1793. One has long flowing hair, and the reverse has a chain with thirteen links. Another kind has a liberty cap and wreath of a different device. The rarest nickel penny is the eagle of 1856, which is worth fifty cents. The newspapers made so much fun of the device that it was withdrawn from circulation very soon, and is now scarce. The most valuable half-cent is the issue of 1796, which is worth $5. The half-cent issues of 1836, 1843, 1847, and 1852 are worth $2 each. The half-cent issues of 1831, 1841, 1844, and 1846 are worth $1 each. The half-cents of 1840, 1842, 1845, and 1848 are worth $1.50 each."

"How about American gold pieces?"

"Many are worth more than their face. The $20 of 1849 is worth $50. All the $10 gold issues from 1795 to 1801 are at a premium of from fifty cents to $2. Most of the $5 gold pieces from 1795 to 1807 are at a premium of twenty-five cents to $1. The price varies according to the coinage, with the large or small eagle used in the mint in those years. One stamp of $5 gold coin of 1815 is worth $25. A $3 gold piece of 1875 is worth $4. Many of the quarter eagles are at a premium of fifty cents to $1. A $1 gold piece of 1875 sells for $2."

"What is the most valuable modern coin?"

"It is a Confederate States silver dollar, which is valued at $1,000. There were only a few of these coins struck. The Confederate government had the dies made, and a few coins were struck at the New Orleans mint for the inspection of the Confederate officials. They found, however, that they had no silver and no more were coined. Jefferson Davis says that he had one of these coins on his person when he was captured, but some one took possession of it—he does not know who. Possibly it may be in circulation yet as a genuine coin of the United States. One side of the coin was in fact made with a regular die used in the New Orleans mint to strike off United States silver dollars. The other side was specially devised for the purpose. The legend reads: 'Confederate States of America.' There is a shield, with bars and seven stars, surmounted by a liberty cap. The shield is inclosed by a wreath composed of cotton and sugar stalks."

"If this is worth $1,000, it would pay better to counterfeit it than a genuine coin?"

"No; a counterfeit would be easily detected."

"Then as a matter of fact one of the most recent coins is worth very much more than the oldest coins you have?'

"Yes; here is a Cromwell shilling that is only worth $10. Here is an Athens tetradrachm which is worth only $10, though it is 3,000 years old. Here is one about 500 years older, worth $15."

"How about political coins?"

"There are some very curious ones that are celebrated, like the English coin that gave rise to the couplet: 'Cooing and billing like William and Mary on a shilling.' The most celebrated in the history of American coin is the series that was issued to signalize the opposition to and support of the United States bank in Jackson's time. Both the friends and opponents of Andrew Jackson issued coins, and some of the devices and inscriptions were very funny. Similar coins were issued in Van Buren's time. All these things are valuable in forming an estimate of the height of political feeling at that time."

The first American money was the pine tree shilling, coined in 1652. For fifteen years they were all coined under the same date, so if a man has a pine tree shilling he don't know when it was made. They are worth but about four or five dollars.

In the year 1815 there were no cents manufactured. It being just after the war of 1812, the government had not settled down to business, and the mint made but very little money. Some persons ignorant of this, and anxious to make a collection, offer large sums for a coin of this date. This makes a demand and the demand calls for a supply, so there have been cases where the cent of 1813 has been altered so as to almost defy detection. Again, the silver dollar of 1804 is sought after, and counterfeiters have succeeded in making a coin very similar to the original.

A Japanese Railroad Station.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Yokohama, Japan, thus describes the scene at a railroad station: Ye gods! what a motley crowd! Japanese of all classes, from the government official with his foreign uniform, to the coolie with his very scanty clothing despite the cold weather, awaiting for the start of the train. Native swells of the shopkeeping order, with their wadded Japanese kimonos as coats, tight-fitting foreign drawers as trousers and the toy bag, about six inches long and three inches high, that the Japanese consider the very height of the fashion, they have done their best to copy from the foreign residents of their country.

Then there are the young girls, carrying their own as well as their lovers' luggage, if they are in hopes of soon enjoying the happy state of matrimony, or taking the burden of their worldly goods, made heavier by the sad thought that they are still likely to remain in a state of "single blessedness." The married women hobble along loaded down with bags and parcels, and with a squalling brat strapped to each one's back, who by way of revenge pulls its mother's hair in the excess of its discomfort. In many cases under the eyes of their husband (more terrible in Japan than those of the law) the poor women bear with an outward good grace the indignities heaped upon them. The Japs are all perched on high wooden shoes, and the author of the "Clanging of the Wooden Shoon" would certainly have changed his mind about the music made by them could he have heard five hundred Japanese walking over the stone floor of the railway station at Yokohama. The train leaves every hour and a quarter, and when the gates are thrown open to admit passengers an official (for the railway is government property), stands in his foreign clothes and with a pair of foreign station master's pincers, as at home, snips a piece out of each one's ticket as he passes through. The train itself is a miniature affair (as indeed is everything in Japan), and is divided into first, second and third classes. The carriages of the first remind one very much of the street cars in New York, except that they are in compartments, each section being large enough to seat eight people. The second class differs in no respect from the first, except in the absence of the divisions, and in that they are, perhaps, not quite so comfortable, though in summer, owing to their being so very much cooler, foreigners invariably prefer to ride in them. The third-class carriages are such as no European would deign to be seen in. They are as near being prison cells on wheels—except that they are ineffably dirtier—as it is possible to imagine any structure that is not actually a prison. The windows are barred with iron, and seats are conspicuous by their absence. As soon as the natives get in (and they are crowded together like a flock of sheep in a cattle train) the doors are locked, only to be reopened when the train stops at some way station. The engineers are nearly all foreigners, with assistant native firemen.

Bound to Have It.

Elder Traverse was once the most noted man in Eastern New York as a camp meeting leader. He had a powerful voice, was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to disturb his meetings.

The elder was once holding a camp-meeting near Yonkers, and word reached him that a notorious rough, known as "Chicago Bob," intended to be on hand on Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precautions, and when Bob appeared on the grounds with a cigar in his mouth and a slung-shot in his sleeve, the elder didn't grow pale for a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a forward seat. When the people started to sing he began crowing, and thus created confusion.

"Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder, as he came forward.

"Chicago Bob sits down for no man," was the reply.

"Sit down, Robert," continued the elder, as he put his hand on the loafer's arm.

"Here goes to clean out the crowd!" crowed Bob, as he peeled off his coat.

Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and, as he fell over a bench, he was followed up and hit again and again, and while in a semi-unconscious state he was carried off by his friends.

Next day he was the first one to forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and asked:

"Robert, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Are you really seeking after faith?"

"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday I'm bound to have it if I have to sell my hat!"

He didn't get it very strong, but did no more crowing while the meeting lasted.—*Wall Street Daily News.*

Josh Billings' Experience.

Josh Billings, after having beeen told by a man who drank and sold lager beer, and who appeared to be reliable authority on the question, that the beverage was not intoxicating, thought he would try it. He drank three glasses, and narrates his experience as follows: Oh, how sick I was fourteen years ago, and I can taste it now. If any man should tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, I shud believe him, but if he shud tell me that I wasn't drunk that nite, bût that my stummick was cut of order I shud ask him to state in a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was set up. If I wasn't drunk that nite I had some of the most natural simtums that a man ever had and kept sober. In the first place: it was about eighty rods from where I drank the lager beer to my house, and I was jest over two hours on the road, and a hole bursted through each one of my pan'aloon neez, and I didn't have any hat, and tried to open the door with the bell-pull, and hiccuped awfully, and saw everything in the room trying to get round on the back side of me; and sitting down on a chair I did not wait long enuff for it to get exactly under me when I was going round, and I sat down a little too soon and missed the chair by about twelve inches and couldn't get up soon enuff to take the next one that cum along. And that sin't awl. My wife said I was as drunk as a beast. If lager beer is not intoxicating, it used me almighty mean; that I know. Still I hardly think lager beer is intoxicating, for I hav been told so. I do not want to say anything against a harmless temperance beverage; but if ever I drink eny more it will be with my hands tied behind and my mouth pried open.

Human Force.

In the lives of most persons there are periods in which everything is at stake. Home, honor, competency and happiness all hang on the balance. They may be almost ours, or even be in our possession, while the events will shortly tell whether they shall be ours for life or be lost forever. No matter how dark it is ahead, we must go into the contest or lose all without a struggle.

It is upon himself that a man must depend in such emergencies. His friends have their own battles to fight or victories to enjoy. The quality that will help him most is aggressive force—the persisting and indomitable energy that bears down all opposition. The man filled with this combative spirit is the hero, the master spirit of the world in which he moves. Impediments which would dishearten weaker men cause in him the most vigorous exertions. Difficulties are swept out of his path, and though borne down time after time he struggles on and wins.

They are fortunate who are thus endowed. But we all need what we can of strength of action. We must have the desire and the determination to push our way through the world. Going resolutely on our way, thrusting obstacles aside as they are met, gives us the power of conquering. To be self-reliant keep in sight the motto "God will not crush me and no man can."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are sixty-four cities in the United States having a population of over 30,000.

San Francisco contains 31,000 more men than women in a total population of 233,956.

The pearl oyster is found in the Persian Gulf, and on the coasts of Morocco, Ceylon and Japan.

Of the 600,000 male adults in Illinois, 400,000 drink beer, wine and whisky, and of these 40,000 drink to excess.

During the past fifteen years the United States government has spent over $92,000,000 in fighting and watching Indians in the Western States and Territories.

The American dollar contains more silver than the like coin of the British empire, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Greece and others.

A new use for iron and steel has been found. In Germany quite a number of steel sleepers are in use, and in England the advisability of substituting wrought iron for wood sleepers is being seriously discussed.

That part of the country known as the Northwest, composed of nine States and one Territory, has a population of 12,184,664. Of the increase since the last census one-third of the amount lies in these States.

Even so inflammable a thing as cotton can now be used for the construction of fireproof buildings. It is converted into a paste—by chemical treatment—which becomes as hard as stone. It is molded into large slabs, and designated as architectural cotton.

Something About Barbers.

A barber of a literary turn of mind writes to the New York *Sun*: In the seventeenth century before Christ, Sesostris, one of the most ancient and the greatest kings of Egypt, shaved himself. He did it to please his wife; and he was the first man, so far as is known, who ever handled a razor. It is to Sesostris, then, that I and my fellow artists owe the art from which we gain our bread. What a queer reflection it is that the razor-makers of Sheffield owe their prosperity to a caprice of Madam Sesostris! Little causes, great events!

I do not undertake to explain how this ancient Egyptain learned to shave. But I know this, that in France, as recently as fifty years ago, people shaved themselves in a very primitive fashion. In those days, when you went into a barber's shop, the first question was. "Do you want to be shaved au pouce or a la cuiller?" (with the thumb or the spoon.) Very few of my readers, I dare say, have ever heard of this method of shaving, which, droll as it seems, had nevertheless its practical side. The barber used his thumb only in the case of customers who had lost their teeth. He introduced the thumb of the left hand into the mouth, and moved it up and down in order to soften the skin and facilitate the operation of shaving. All barbers know, as I do, that it is not an easy matter to shave the upper lip of a man who has lost his teeth. The spoon was used only in the case of wrinkled old men and thin men. Not being able to reach the hollow of the cheek with the thumb, the barber substituted a soup spoon. These methods are no longer in vogue, the barbers of the present day having improved upon them.

Some days after, the revolution of February 24, 1848, a number of journeymen barbers out of work were assembled in their intelligence office, which at that time was situated on the Quai des Orfevres. Business being very dull on account of the political hurly-burly, they were endeavoring to hit upon some means of employing their leisure and at the same time earning their bread. "Happy thought!" cried one of them of a sudden. "Let us open a hairdressing shop in the Quartier des Chiffoniers (ragpickers' quarter); rents are cheap over there, and, as the ragpickers are not addicted to luxury, we won't need to spend much in fitting up the place." "A capital notion," said the others; "but, since there are barbers already there, we shall have to hit upon some new style of shaving in order to get their customers away from them."

Thereupon a cudgeling of brains. All at once the most intelligent of the party shouted, "Eureka!"—the cry uttered by Archimedes in the streets of Syracuse when he made his famous discovery. "We will announce on our sign that we will shave with our thumbs, but that before introducing them into the mouths of our customers we soak them in a glass of brandy. Our success is certain; the ragpickers dote on what they call in their picturesque language the tord boyau." Thanks to this spirituous method of doing things, the new barbers' shop was quickly thronged, for the news spread abroad, and all the ragpickers of Paris patronized it. Even the ladies of these knights of the hook occasionally presented themselves for a shave; they, too, had heard of the pouce a l'eau-de vie.

At the Theater in Japan.

The theaters here are probably the most interesting sight to travelers; everything is so different from that to which they have been accustomed. Of course, there are no seats; all squat on mats. Running down the center of the theater is an elevated platform upon which the actors always enter upon the stage; the exits are all from the rear, and instead of shifting the scenes, the whole stage is revolved on wheels (same as we turn a horse car). When an actor is killed during the play, a man dressed in black, with his face covered (you are not supposed to see him), rushes out, and holds a large cloak in front of the dead man. The latter rises and runs off the stage, though just beheaded and his head lying on the stage, looking as natural and the execution so well done that until you actually see the dead walk you think he surely was beheaded. After the curtain falls for another act, all the children in the audience rush on the stage behind the curtain and play around behind the scenes until the drum beats for another act. The music they have is a drum, fife and a small string instrument, though the players are generally singing in very high and unmusical notes. The play generally begins at ten o'clock in the morning and lasts until one or two o'clock at night, and the audience always take food enough to last twenty-four hours, besides which men with rice, tea, peanuts and oranges are always passing through the audience, very much like our circuses at home. The theater is lighted by gas, very dimly, however, and as the audience—men, women and children—are smoking pipes all the time, the atmosphere is not very pleasant.—*Feddo Letter.*

A Tough Toad Story.

"Yes," spoke up a soldier, who had been listening with approving silence to his comrade's recital of the habits of snakes; "but even the toad knows how to defend itself against the voracity of a rattlesnake. A rattlesnake never bites anything it swallows, and so it will cram a toad down its throat whole. I once saw a rattlesnake about six feet long, trying to capture a large toad. The toad adopted a novel method to thwart the reptile's intentions. The snake had come upon the toad unawares, and it could not turn tail and jump, else the snake would spring and catch it in his jaws. So the toad took up a small stick, about six inches long, holding it at the center in its mouth. The snake's mouth could not be distended to a width of six inches, and so facing the snake with the stick in its mouth, the toad wearied its would-be destroyer out of all patience, and finally he gave up his efforts and crawled away. The toad dropped the stick and hopped to a safer retreat."—*Chicago Tribune.*

There are 13,000 miles of water pipe in the United States.

Things as They Are.

As we advance in life the ideal soon hides behind the real. How few things come up to our expectations! Most girls have an ideal husband in view—a kind-hearted, noble man, with the figure of an Apollo and the beauty of an Adonis, who pays the same attention to his wife that he did before their troth was plighted. The real husband is brusque, matter-of-fact, unsentimental; he eats his meals at a downtown restaurant, and only remembers that he is married when he is obliged to pay the household expenses. The ideal housewife is the woman who keeps her home in the most delightful order, who cooks the most delicious dinners, presides at the table with the grace of a queen. The real housewife is a woman whose face is red and blazed with cooking over a hot stove, whose voice is sharp and earnest, and who is given to gossip. The ideal baby is a little fellow with the daintiest tinted cheeks, the curliest hair, the sweetest "coo," and with angel's wings just sprouting from his shoulders. The real baby is a young wad of humanity, with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistledown, and bears no resemblance to an angel. And so it is with everything in life—things are seldom what they seem.

The last New Jersey cranberry crop of 492,630 bushels was the largest ever known.

[Keokuk Constitution.]

Every Time.

A man, or even a piece of machinery that does its work right every time, is we think, very correctly judged "valuable." And certainly none the less valuable is any article designed to relieve the ills of mankind, and which does so every time. Messrs. Jones, Cook & Co., Bay State Brewery, Boston, Mass., write: We have used St. Jacobs Oil among our men and find that it helps them "every time." We therefore heartily recommend it as a pain-healing liniment.

A Strange Case.

A letter from Dayton, Ohio, gives the following particulars of a little girl's strange malady: One of the strangest cases known in medical history is presented by a young girl, thirteen years of age, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson, a respectable and well-to-do family living on Springfield street, in our city. The child, to all appearance, is in a comparatively healthy condition, yet there is no one, I dare say, so complete a human wreck as she. She is completely senseless, has no strength and at times is unable to swallow. Generally she can hear and taste, but her parents are confident that she occasionally cannot do either. Yet in spite of all these misfortunes, she is a beautiful child to look at, and no one to see her could notice anything to indicate that she was as unfortunate as she is. She was born in Montevideo, S. A., and at the age of two years (according to her parents) she was as smart a child of her age as could be found in a day's travel. They say that her troubles began when they crossed the equator with her. She fell in a fit, which lasted alternately for three days, when it was discovered that she had lost her mind. From that time to this she has grown continually worse. One peculiar feature of her malady is that upon the same day each year that they supposed they crossed the equator she is bereft of some power. This year she lost the power of speech. All the ablest physicians of this place and Baltimore, Md., where the family lived before they came to Dayton, have tried to understand the child's case, and have failed. Some have gone so far as to make it a special study, but all to no avail.

[Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.]

What We Know About It.

"What do you know about St. Jacobs Oil?" said one of our oldest subscribers. This was a fair question, and we answer, that we are reliably informed that a gentleman of this city who has suffered untold agony, and spent a mint of money to get relief from Rheumatism, in desperation bought some and tried it, and declares that it is the best remedy for Rheumatism he ever heard of.

The qualities that make a great orator are thus stated by Wendell Phillips: A man may be a stammerer and yet a great orator, a man may have a poor voice and yet be a great orator, a man may speak incorrectly and ungrammatically, and still be a very great orator; all that is needed is to have an earnest cause thoroughly at heart, and have heart and cause so truly wedded that they are one with his innermost nature, so that when he speaks he pours out his own self, exalted by that with which he is filled.

Can't Preach Good

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unstrung nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply renovated by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT in pint bottles at 50 cents; 32 years established. It is the best in the world for the cure of Colic, Old Sores, Sprains Bruises, Sore Throats, etc. TOBIAS' CONDITION POWDERS are warranted to cure Distemper, Fever Worms, Botts; give a fine coat; increase the appetite and cleanse the urinary organs. Certified to by Col. D McDaniel, owner of some of the fastest running horses in the world, and 1,000 others. 25 cents. Sold by druggists. Depot—49 Murray Street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK

Beef Cattle—Med. Natives, live wt..	10¼@	11¾
Calves—Good to Prime Veals.....	08 @	08¾
Sheep.....	05¾@	06¾
Lambs.....	07 @	07¾
Hogs—Live.....	06 @	06
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy..	4 55 @	6 50
Western, good to fancy.....	4 60 @	8 00
Wheat—No. 2 Red.....	1 16¾@	1 17¾
No. 1 White.....	1 15 @	1 15½
Rye—State.....	1 02¾@	1 02½
Barley—Two-Rowed State.....	90 @	95
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed....	53¾@	55½
Southern Yellow.....	53¾@	55½
Oats—White State.....	48 @	48
Mixed Western.....	43 @	44
Hay—Medium to Prime.....	1 10 @	1 20
Straw—Long Rye, per cwt.....	1 10 @	1 15
Hops—State, 1880.....	15 @	28
Pork—Mess, old, for export.....	14 12½@	14 47
Lard—City Steam.....	9 90 @	9 90
Petroleum—Crude..... 07 @08¼	Refined	09¼
Butter—State Creamery.....	20 @	23
Dairy.....	20 @	26
Western Imitation Creamery	21 @	28
Factory.....	13 @	25
Cheese—State Factory.....	09¾@	13¾
Skims.....	03 @	10
Western.....	10 @	13¼
Eggs—State and Penn.....	30 @	30
Potatoes—State, bbl Early Rose....	2 12 @	2 25

BUFFALO.

Steers—Extra.....	$5 50 @	$5 75
Lambs—Western.....	5 25 @	5 25
Sheep—Western.....	5 00 @	5 40
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers....	5 80 @	5 70
Flour—City Ground, No. 1 Spring..	5 00 @	5 75
Wheat—No. 1 Hard Duluth.....	1 22 @	1 22
Corn—No. 2 Western.....	48 @	48
Oats—State.....	37 @	38
Barley—Two-rowed State.....	85 @	1 00

BOSTON.

Beef—Western Mess.....	9 50 @	9 85
Hogs—Live.....	05¾@	06
Hogs—City Dressed.....	07¾@	08
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl.....	12 50 @	13 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents.....	6 80 @	8 25
Corn—Mixed and Yellow.....	57 @	60
Oats—Extra White.....	49 @	53
Rye—State.....	1 00 @	1 05
Wool—Washed Combing & Delaine..	49 @	50
Unwashed, " "	35 @	36

WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET

Beef Cattle—live weight.....	04 @	05¾
Sheep.....	03¾@	05¾
Lambs.....	05 @	06
Hogs.....	05¾@	06¾

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Pen